Gallantry Unmask'd;

OR,

WOMEN

IN

Their proper Colours.

A

NOVEL.

LONDON,

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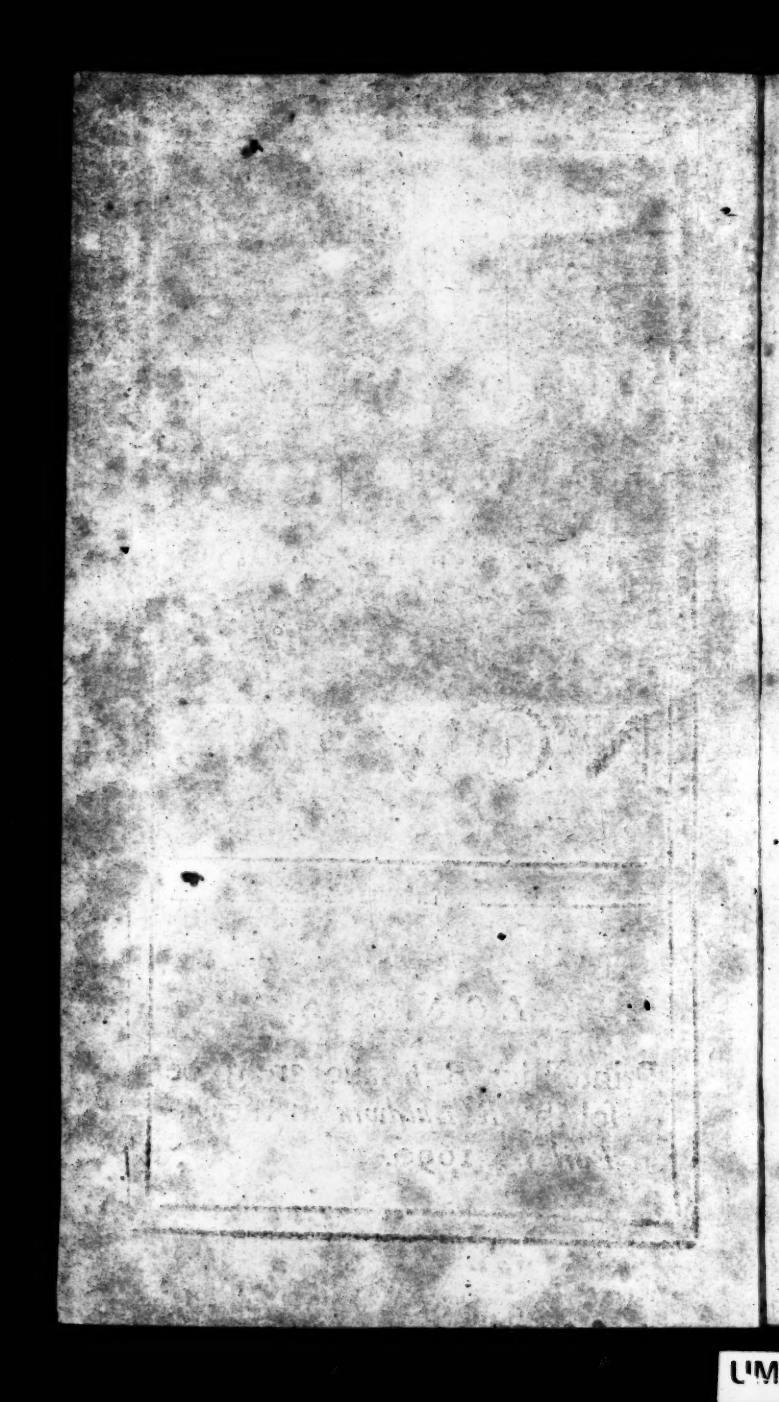

GALLANTRY UNMASK'D;

OR,

WOMEN in their Proper Colours.

THOSE Women who were naturally inclin'd to Gallantry, were the more encourag'd to it, during the reign of the Great *Alexander*, by that ſplendour they ſaw thoſe Ladies arrive at who had the good fortune to pleaſe him: ſo that there were none but endeavour'd to charm him; and it being

impoſſible for him to ſatisfie all, how bountiful ſoever Nature had been, many eſcap'd him, not ſo much for want of deſire, as ability.

Thoſe who were not of the number of the Elect, did not fall under the deſpair, eſpecially thoſe who were ſo generous to expect principally the pleaſures of enjoyment, and had hopes of being acceptable elſewhere. Conſidering, their Ambition excepted, which they could not ſatisfie, they might perhaps find a better account in another place, and to examin the matter critically, a King might perhaps deſerve leſs Eſteem for that, than a Man of a lower Quality: that beſides they might have the pleaſure to change when the Party was no longer agreeable, which good breeding would not have allow'd, had it been their deſtinies to be belov'd by that Great Monarch.

Amongſt theſe, none were ſooner comforted than the Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferte*, and Madam *de Lionne*: they had both Age enough to renounce the Vanities of the World; but as there are ſome whom Sin never abandons, ſince they had rais'd their thoughts ſo high, being reſolv'd to convince the

the World they were ſtill to be valu'd, they appear'd in all the gayety of Youth.

De Fieſque had long been Madam *de Lionne*'s belov'd Gallant, and ſhe return'd the pleaſures he gave her by aſſiſting his wants; ſo that by her means he made a figure like the reſt of the World. He was not angry at her deſire to pleaſe the King, neither would it have troubled him more had ſhe ſucceeded in it: but finding, that not conſidering he had ſerv'd her from her youth, ſhe was purveying for her ſelf elſe where, he frankly bid her think well of what ſhe was going to do; that it was enough to be contented with the leavings of a fulſome Husband, without ſuffering the refuſe of others; that if he had afforded his aſſiſtance to her amour with the King, 'twas upon promiſe that he ſhould only partake the pleaſures of the Body, without any intereſt in her affection; but her daily proceedings ſufficiently convinc'd him ſhe was in ſearch of ſome new Ragouſt; that he was not at all pleas'd at it, and in a word, if ſhe did not reform her Conduct, ſhe might expect from him all the reſentment that an

injur'd Lover is capable of ſhewing on the like occaſion.

The Lady was not at all pleas'd with theſe reproaches, and concluding he would nevertheleſs be happy enough in rendring her his ſervice, being ſo well paid for his pains. You are very pleaſant, *ſaid ſhe*, to talk thus, this is all a Husband can pretend to: But ſhe very well perceiv'd the reaſon of this boldneſs; and it was the favours ſhe had done him, made him preſume ſhe had not the power to leave him: But ſhe would ſoon convince him of the contrary, and ſhe would immediately go about it. *De Fieſque* ſmil'd at theſe threats, and the acquaintance he had ſo long with her, perſwading him he lov'd her now no more than a Husband does his Wife, he imagin'd, his Intereſt excepted, it would not be very difficult to forget the loſs. But he found a ſurpriſing return of tenderneſs, for he was no ſooner out of her Lodgings, but he wiſh'd himſelf there again; and had not his pride retain'd him, he would have flown that minute to have ask'd her pardon; yet he could not forbear writing to her to this effect.

Mr.

Mr. *de Fiesque* to Madam *de Lionne.*

COuld I have endur'd your proceedings without Jealousie, it would have been an argument that I had but little passion for you; but there is a time for all things, and it would afford you too much reason of offence to be angry any longer. I must confess, I cannot forbear loving you, be your Conduct what it will; but yet reflect, if I pardon you so easily, it is because I am so vain to flatter my self I might perhaps be mistaken; but know likewise, you should not have found me so good natur'd, had there been any effect produc'd from your intentions.

Whether Madam *de Lionne* took any new offence at the Letter, or had too good an appetite (as is more likely) to be contented with the Count, who who had the reputation of being more Gentile than Vigorous, she threw the Letter into the fire, and told the Messenger, she had no answer to return to it. This encreas'd the passion of the Lover, who with all haste imaginable flew to her Appartment, telling her, if she would not pardon him, he came

to die at her feet, but hop'd his offence was not beyond the reach of mercy, that his Notary's Wife, call'd *le Vaſſeur*, had forgiv'n her Husband, tho' he had caus'd her to be proclaim'd a publick Whore by arreſt of Parliament, and had long confin'd her in the *Magdelonnettes* or *Bridewel*; that his Crime was not ſo notorious as the Husband's, who whatever he perceiv'd, was oblig'd by the Articles and Contract of Marriage to be ſilent; that there was no ſuch Law for the Lovers, but on the contrary, Complaints were always permitted, as the kind effects of Paſſion, and to deny him, was an infringement on his undoubted Right.

Tho' the only difference between Madam *de Lionne* and Mademoiſelle *le Vaſſeur* was, that one was a Notary's, and the other the Wife to a Miniſter of State; that one was declar'd ſo by an Arreſt of Parliament, and the other by the Voice of the People, which is nevertheleſs the Voice of God; the Compariſon did not pleaſe her, and ſhe told *Fieſque*, he was very impudent in making the parallel. *De Fieſque* knew enough to anſwer about her Virtue, but coming to her with a deſign

of

of re-accommodation, to which perhaps his interſt had inclin'd him, he continu'd in the ſame tune he began, tho' to little purpoſe; for Madam *de Lionne*, who would not be inſulted over, and being bankrupt in Virtue, took not ſuch care of the appearances of it, told him, with a deſign to enrage him the more, that ſhe would make a Lover to his face; and that the more he ſhould be concern'd at it, the more pleaſure it would afford her. *De Fieſque* was ſo incens'd at this harſh reply, that taking a Lute that was in her Chamber, and with which he us'd ſometimes to divert her, he broke it in a thouſand pieces. He told her, that ſince ſhe took ſuch pains to torment his Heart, he would revenge himſelf upon that Inſtrument which had heretofore given her ſuch pleaſure; and that as ſhe might perhaps make choice of one that could touch it as well as himſelf, he ſhould be glad to prevent that from ſerving another which had been of uſe to him: But he had ſcarcely ſpoke, when ſhe made anſwer, whom ſhe choſe ſhould have no occaſion to animate himſelf with Preludes; that ſhe had often indeed counterfeited a delight

to hear him play, knowing nothing could otherwiſe be expected from him; but ſhe was of the ſame opinion as himſelf, that he had done well in breaking the Lute, ſince it only ſerv'd to put her in mind of his weakneſs, and when that object was away there was nothing to recal ſo diſagreeable an Idea, and he had by it done no more than prevented her deſign.

As one Reproach draws on another, this Converſation, how diſagreeable ſoever, would not have ended ſo ſoon, had not the Duke *de Saux* made a viſit. He ſoon perceiv'd the condition of the poor Lute, and imagin'd a quarrel between 'em, which he was quickly certain of when he had look'd upon the two Lovers. He took a great freedom in his Speech, and delighted in Raillery. 'Madam, *ſaid he*, I find there will ſometimes be fallings out, and one of you has reveng'd himſelf upon that innocent Lute; if it was you, Madam, perhaps you had reaſon for it, and I cannot blame you; but if it was my Friend, he was very much in the wrong, for he has not liv'd to this Age without knowing that Women are ſometimes to be amus'd with ſo fooliſh a

toy,

toy, and it gives us time to prepare to render 'em better ſervice.

This Diſcourſe had been ſufficient to have offended, not only a nice Lady, but one that would have appear'd ſo; yet Madam *de Lionne*, who lik'd the Duke *de Saux*, thought only of perſwading him that ſhe was breaking off for ever with *Fieſque*, that if his heart had thought any thing in favour of her, no time might be loſt; and not reflecting that ſhe was going to diſhonour her ſelf, and that on the other ſide, a Lover had rather doubt of his Miſtreſs's intriegue than be convinc'd of it, eſpecially by her ſelf. What would you have, Sir, *ſays ſhe*, Engagements cannot laſt for ever, and I cannot deny but I have had ſome conſideration for the Count *de Fieſque*, yet it is hard enough that we are bound for ever to our Husbands, without running the ſame fate with our Gallants; this would make us more unhappy than we are: we chuſe a Lover to ſerve us whilſt he is agreeable, and 'twould be horrid were we oblig'd to keep him when he diſpleaſes us. Add, Madam, if you pleaſe, *ſays the Duke*, when he can render you no further ſer-

vice; 'tis for this you chuſe 'em, and what tyranny would it be to give the World occaſion to talk, and not reap the profit of it, for which alone you Women can conſent to ſacrifice your Reputations? For my part, continued he, I ſhould approve that, according to the cuſtom amongſt the *Turks*, Seraglios were erected, not truly to encloſe, as they do, the invalid Women, ſince they will permit me, I hope, to believe with all reſpect to 'em, that at any age they will ſtill have more appetite than my ſelf, whom nevertheleſs I have no little opinion of: but for poor, decayed Lovers, who are ſo worn out in their Miſtreſs's embraces, that they are incapable of rendring 'em any further ſervice, if this ſhould happen, and I had any part of the Government, I do aſſure you, I would firſt of all give my Vote for an Appartment there for our Friend: What ſay you, Madam, would not this do well? And think you not that there are perſons in as good health put every day into the Hoſpital of the Invalids? How ſtrangely you talk? *cry'd Madam* de Lionne, and if we did not know that you have no ill meaning in what

you

you ſay, who would not bluſh at your diſcourſe. With this ſhe put her Fan before her face, to make him believe ſhe was yet capable of ſome confuſion; but the Duke, who knew how long ſhe had parted with her Modeſty, ſmil'd to himſelf at her deportment, not caring to drive the Intriegue farther.

The Count had heard all this without joyning in the Converſation, and he found that a laſting Intriegue was not unlike a Marriage, the tenderneſs whereof is ſcarcely to be perceiv'd, till the bonds are breaking; he rav'd, he ſigh'd, and the preſence of the Duke was not able to make him reſtrain himſelf; they were good friends, and Confidents to each other a thouſand times; and two days were not paſs'd, ſince the Duke deſired him to do him what ſervice he could with the Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres*, Madam *de Lionne*'s Daughter: For this reaſon *Fieſque* reſolv'd to be gone, hoping the Duke would be more ſerious in his abſence; but he, who ſeldom had this Character with the Women, careleſs of his Friend's Intereſt, reſolv'd to ſee how far Madam *de Lionne*'s folly would

carry

carry her. No ſooner then was the Count gone, but ſhe ſaid a thouſand things to diſcover her paſſion, not in formal terms, but in words intelligible enough to one of a wit inferiour to the Duke's. And if the Duke had not fear'd that the complying with her might have been an obſtacle to his amour with the Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres*, neither his cruelty nor ſcrupulouſneſs would have ſuffer'd her to langniſh any longer; but doubting leſt the young Marchioneſs, whoſe Soul was not ſo hardned as her Mothers, might make a difficulty to hear him, pretended to underſtand nothing; and choſe rather to paſs for a dull Brute, than occaſion a difference with his Miſtreſs.

He found, when he went away, the Count *de Fieſque* waiting for him at the corner of a Street, who ask'd him if he had done any thing for him? No, my poor Count, *anſwered he*, for I did not take you to be Fool enough to be ſo concern'd for an old Whore; but ſince I know your weakneſs, let me tell you in two words, that if you do not ſerve me with the Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres*, I will do you ſuch diſ-ſervice with her Mother, that there

there will be no returning for you Do you hear, amongſt our ſelves, I believe that the brawny Calves of my Legs, and my broad Shoulders begin to pleaſe her more than your eaſie Air, and *Barbary* ſhape: and if ſhe once have the tryal of it, I leave you to judge what will become of you. The Count deſir'd him to be ſerious: The Duke told him, he might take it as he pleas'd, but he told him nothing but the truth; and the other being oblig'd to believe him, after he had ſworn ſeveral times to it, he deſir'd him not to hunt in his purlues, confeſſing ingenuouſly, that he lov'd her for ſeveral reaſons, that is, for giving him both Money and Pleaſure. This confeſſion of the Count's to any other, would have rather excited than abated their deſires; all the Youth at the Court making it their buſineſs to be too hard for the Ladies; but the Duke, who was the moſt generous of all Men, bid him reſt ſatisfi'd upon that point, and that both Madam *de Lionne* and her Money ſhould be ſafe for him; and that (excepting the pleaſure of Cuckolding a Miniſter of State) what recompence ſoever was given for it, would

would be leſs than he deſerv'd; that nevertheleſs he ſhould not remain ſo aſſur'd upon this promiſe as to neglect the ſervice he expected from him, and that ſometimes that was done out of Revenge which was not performed for Love; and that if he did not aſſiſt him with the Marchioneſs, he would place himſelf ſo well with the Mother, that it ſhould be very difficult for him, as he ſaid before, to become her Patroon again.

Altho' this was ſpoke in Raillery, it nevertheleſs made a violent impreſſion on the Count *de Fieſque*'s thoughts; but as it was impoſſible for him to live without knowing whether his Miſtreſs was unfaithful, he writ her theſe words as from the Duke; and for that purpoſe was oblig'd to borrow another hand, his own being ſo well known to Madam *de Lionne*.

YOu muſt needs have an ill opinion of me for giving ſuch reception to all the favours you gave me; but, Madam, when it is ones ill fortune to be in the Chirurgeon's hands, is it not better to ſeem not to underſtand, than expoſe a Lady to ſuch certain repentance as muſt reaſon-

reaſonably occaſion hatred to ſucceed the friendſhip? If they tell me true, I ſhall be well in eight days; it will ſeem a long time to one that has more than acknowledgment at his heart; but give me leave to break off this entertainment, it excites ſome motions that are not proper for me till a perfect cure; I hope it will be ſpeedy; and remember, that I am more to be pitied than you imagine, ſince that which is a ſign of health in others, is a token of illneſs in me, or at leaſt an aggravation of it.

It is hard to ſay whether Madam *de Lionne* had more Grief or Joy at the receipt of this Letter; for, as ſhe was glad at the hopes that were given her, ſo on the other part, ſhe was griev'd at the accident that oblig'd her to wait; ſo that divided between both extreams, ſhe remain'd ſome time in doubt whether ſhe ſhould return an anſwer; but the Meſſenger preſſing her to come to a determination, her Temper carried it, and thinking that ſhe had in earneſt an affair with the Duke *de Saux*, ſhe call'd for Ink and Paper, and writ theſe words,

A Letter from Madam *de Lionne* to the Duke *de Saux.*

IT is not a moment since I believ'd it the greatest unhappiness to have to do with a Brute; but now, methinks it is far worse to have an affair with a Debauchee; if you had been only insensible, I might have hop'd, in speaking yet plainer to you than I have done, to make you at last understand my Language; but what does your understanding it now signifie, since you cannot return an answer? This accident has thrown me into a despair; for who can ever assure me that I can place a confidence in you; there are so many Quacks at Paris, *and if by misfortune, you are fallen under any of their hands, into what an extremity will you reduce those who shall fall into yours? if decency would permit me to send you my Chirurgeon, he is an able Man, and would soon lead you out of this misfortune; let me know your thoughts of it; for since I can already forgive such a crime as yours, I am too sensible I can never defend my self against any thing you desire.*

Oh,

Oh, the fooliſh, ſilly, lewd Strumpet, cry'd the Count *de Fieſque*, when he had read the Letter, and muſt not I have an heart as vile as hers, if I can love her after this: and imagining theſe to be his true thoughts, he put the Letter in his pocket, and went to her with a compos'd Countenance, and forc'd Air. As I have been your Friend a long time, Madam, *ſaid he*, it is impoſſible for me to renounce your Intereſt for any ſmall offence; and as a confirmation of what I ſay, I recommend to you one that belongs to me, who is incomparable for ſome things; I mean my Chirurgeon: you ought not to refuſe him, for no doubt but you will ſoon have occaſion for him, if you follow the courſes you take. Madam *de Lionne* was in confuſion at this diſcourſe; ſhe was in fear of ſome diſcovery; but the Count ſoon confirm'd her; for his face grown red with anger, and not keeping the calmneſs of temper he intended, Oh, ye infamous Creature, *continued he*, are theſe the proofs you give me of your friendſhip, ſhewing her the Letter, what Woman is there, tho' never ſuch a Proſtitute, who

who would write in theſe terms: Mr. *de Lionne* ſhall know it, 'tis a revenge I owe my ſelf; he ſhall do me reaſon, ſince I have not the power to do it my ſelf, and if he has the baſeneſs to forgive it, I'le take the pleaſure to tell it every one, and let all *Paris* know what you are.

He made other reproaches which were all endured by this Woman, with extraordinary patience; for finding her ſelf in his power, ſhe durſt not incenſe him more. She had recourſe to tears, but he appear'd unalter'd, departing in great fury. Her Tears which were only artificial, were ſoon dryed up when he was gone, ſo ſhe ſent immediately for the Duke *de Saux*, deſiring him to draw her out of this affair; and ſince it had happen'd to her by uſing his name, he was ingag'd in it further than he imagin'd; and to oblige him not to refuſe her his aſſiſtance, ſhe promis'd him he ſhould be ſure of hers towards her Daughter, and kept her word like a Woman of honour, for when the Duke had acquainted her how the Intrigue ſtood, ſhe fully prevail'd upon her inclinations, which were already very much in favour of the Duke.

But

But yet ſhe articled with him, that this Intrigue ſhould not be at all to the prejudice of her Rights, and to confirm the Treaty, ſhe demanded ſome earneſt of his promiſes. The Duke had paſs'd the night with *Louiſon d'Arquien*, a famous Curteſan, and was not in a condition to afford her any; yet thinking that a man of his age could not long be out of ſtock, he asked her if ſhe would have money in hand, or defer the payment to the following night. Madam *de Lionne*, who knew Man to be mortal, thought ready money beſt, but nevertheleſs ſhe told him, if he was not provided with the whole Sum, ſhe would give him credit for the remainder for the time he ſhould require.

The Duke quickly underſtood the meaning of this, and placed the Cuſhions for a Table whereon to Count the money; but when he pull'd forth his purſe, it was quite empty, to the great aſtoniſhment of the one, and no leſs Confuſion of the other. She flew from his arms in an anger more eaſie to be imagin'd, than diſcrib'd, and as he would have held her, giving her languiſhing kiſſes: What would you have,

Sir,

Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, would you give me greater tokens of your impotency! I would dye, Madam, *anſwered the Duke*, or repair my honour, and one of 'em muſt happen to me this moment. Is it of a violent death Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, that you pretend to dye? rallying him, if ſo, you muſt make uſe of a rope, for who can believe your Sword proper for that purpoſe, and when you could not find one drop of blood, having ſuch occaſion for it, it is more reaſonable to imagin the Source will be leſs in an Action ſo contrary to nature. When ſhe had ſaid this, ſhe plac'd her ſelf upon another Chair, and to hide her anger, took up a Skreen that lay by chance near her; fortune would have it, that upon it was painted the ſtory of the Marqueſs *de Langes*, who was divorc'd for his impotency. The Tryal by the Parliament was deſcrib'd likewiſe, and Madam *de Lionne* caſting her Eyes upon it, here, *ſays ſhe*, you are drawn to the Life, it is impoſſible to do it better; and if you remember what you told us of your abilities the other day, you will find, that except the demanding a Tryal, you have both performed alike. You have only now to marry, 'tis the way

to

to ſpread your Reputation. And I do not doubt but to have you as well as that able man, for an Ornament to my Chimney. You have reaſon to inſult over me, Madam, *anſwered the Duke*, and my offence is of a nature never to be pardon'd; for my part I know not my ſelf, and after I have conſidered my misfortune, I can only attribute it to one thing. You have heard, *continued he*, of the Perfume call'd *Bulvillio*, a Curſe upon * *Vienne* for helping me to this Invention, which to give me a good ſcent, has made me inſenſible. But Madam, the Charm will only laſt till I have bath'd, give me ſufficient time for that I conjure you, and I oblige my ſelf to pay you Intereſt for my preſent defailure. Nevertheleſs remember, Madam, that I am not the only Man *Vienne* has ingag'd in theſe unfortunate accidents, the ſame thing happen'd to the Count de St. *Poll* the other day, when he wanted his Compliment to a fine young Lady; I made a jeſt of it then, but ſince, to my great regret, I have made tryal of it my ſelf, it would be Hereſie not to believe it. Theſe words

* *A famous attender of a Bath, now firſt* Valet de Chambre *to the King.*

words afforded ſome conſolation to Madam *de Lionne*, ſhe had heard of the Count *de* St. *Poll*'s Adventure, ſo that asking the particulars from the Duke, he gave her what information he could, and to make a greater impreſſion of the truth of it, he repeated a Song made upon that occaſion to an air in *Pſyche*.

She ſuffered him to ſing one verſe without interruption, becauſe ſhe had a mind to know the whole Effect of this damn'd powder, which ſhe thought deſerv'd much more to be condemn'd to the fire, than the works of *Petit* ſentenced to the Flames by Judgment of Parliament. But as he was going to purſue with the other Verſe, hold Duke, *cry'd ſhe*, tho' you have one quality of a Muſitian, you want the others, and are in the number of thoſe that one would give one Piſtol to ſing, and ten to leave off. The Duke told her he had nothing to ſay againſt her Reproaches, and ſhe us'd him too favourably, conſidering his fault. But whilſt he thus humbled himſelf, he found a willingneſs in a certain part to frame a better Excuſe, and thinking to Eſtabliſh his Reputation without

out a Bath, he made ſome approaches, which gave him hopes of a happy ſucceſs. Madam *de Lionne* was much ſurpriſed, and greatly overjoy'd at the ſame time at this ſudden alteration: but yet miſtruſting her good Fortune, ſhe yielded her hand to be better aſſur'd, and it being difficult to deceive her on that ſcore, ſhe ſoon perceiv'd 'twas to little purpoſe to flatter her ſelf with better fortune. The Duke was of the ſame opinion, when he perceiv'd that weeping which he expected in a more manly figure, and departing in a vexation not to be equall'd, he could ſcarcely forbear to give ſad tokens of his deſpair. Madam *de Lionne* would not let him begon without a new raillery; do not think, *ſays ſhe*, that this accident ſhall be in the leaſt prejudicial to the friendſhip I have for you, you ſhall perceive it by the management of my Daughter, for inſtead of acquainting her of your inclinations for her, I will contrive that you ſhall never ſee her; this will be the means to preſerve your Reputation, and the good Opinion ſhe has of you: I believe, *continued ſhe*, that this is the beſt ſervice I can render you, in the condi-

tion

tion you are in, and you will owe me no little Obligation for it.

The Duke thought it not convenient to give her any anſwer, but going in all haſte to *Vienne*'s; you and your curſed *Pulvillio* have ruined my Reputation, *cry'd he*, and I'le burn your Houſe immediately, if you promiſe me not to throw away what you have left of it. *Vienne* found him very angry, but knew not the meaning of it, until the Duke had told him his misfortune, concealing the name of the perſon. Upon my Faith, *ſays Vienne*, this is a pleaſant ſtory of you, and your *Pulvillio*; remain here with me but two or three days from the Company of *Loüiſon d'Arquien*, the Count *de Tallard*, or any of that kind, and you will find if it be my *Pulvillio* that hinders you from doing your Duty. This was a Banter, cunningly enough invented by the Count *de* St. *Poll* to excuſe himſelf to *La Mignard*, whom he had long courted to a meeting, but when he had promiſed the poor Girl Mountains and Miracles, could never arrive to the third part of my proweſs, who am above twice his age. I cannot blame him for making the beſt Excuſe he could for himſelf,

himſelf, but I ſhould have been oblig'd to him, not to have done it at my expence. I have ten thouſand Crowns worth of *Pulvillio* by me, and do you but as well as he, ſpread your mad fancies about the Town, and I ſhall be ſent to Goal.

Vienne took the freedom of telling all the Gentlemen of their little faults, ſo that the Count was not angry to hear of his, but on the contrary, told him, he would try who had moſt reaſon, and to that intent, would not leave his Houſe for four or five days, and he ſhould ſee he would refrain from the Company of the Count *de Tallard*, and *Louiſon*, if he would but take care to fetch a piece of Champain Wine, that his Servants had diſcover'd to be excellent, from St. *John*'s Church Yard, at the Sign of the two *Torches*; and that they might not drink it alone, he ſhould acquaint the Marqueſs *de Sable*, and two or three of his Friends, with his deſign to treat 'em with a diſh of meat at his Houſe; and that they might bring Madam *du Meſnil* with 'em, were they dexterous enough to perſwade her from the arms of her old *Mareſchal*, that brags he has a part of his Body as ſtiff as

his Wooden Leg. That he did not desire this Woman for any lew'd design, since no body but the Marquess *de Sable* would be contented with the Mareschal *de Grancey*'s leavings; and that he, for his part, had rather lye with a Woman moderately handsom, who had an engaging Gallant, than with the most Charming Woman in the World, that did, like her, prostitute her self to so nasty a Fellow as the *Mareschal*.

Vienne told him 'twas well he was so nice, and that he daily shewed it sufficiently by his intimacy with *Loüison* the refuse of the Nation. That as it was not his business, he had nothing to say to it, but as for Madam *du Mesnil*, he did not truly desire her Company, to bring a Scandal upon his House; that they might eat and drink as much as they pleas'd, but he had no further accommodation for 'em.

After this, he went as the Duke commanded him, and the Guests brought *du Mesnil* with 'em, and made such good Entertainment, that the Duke *de Saux* soon perceiv'd the Witchcraft of the *Pulvillio* would not last long. About the end of the Feast, a Servant acquainted the Company, there was one to enquire

quire for the Marqueſs *de Sable*, they bid him be call'd in, and were extreamly ſurpris'd to find him a Guard belonging to a Mareſchal of *France*. He told the Marqueſs he had orders to ſecure him in *Biſhops-fort*, which ſtartled the Company, that knew not the meaning of it. The Marqueſs only laught at it, and as they were going to ask him the meaning; Go, go, return (*ſays he to the Guard*) to the old Fool the *Mareſchal*, tell him we are drinking his health, and that afterwards we will kiſs his Miſtreſs, and if he has a mind to his ſhare, let him come to us; give him a glaſs of Wine, *ſays he to a Lacquy*, this is all he will get by his Journey. Every one knew by what the Marqueſs ſpoke, that the Complement came from the Mareſchal *de Grancey*, and before the Guard had drunk his Glaſs, ſo many Ralleys had paſs'd at it, that, tho' he was a notable drinker, he was forc'd to break off in the middle of his draught, to deſire the Company to forbear ſaying any thing diſreſpectfully concerning he Mareſchal; at this every body was ready to laugh out, and the Duke *de Saux*, who was neareſt the Cupboard, got up with a pretence to make

him drink the remainder of his Wine, but ſpilt it all maliciouſly upon his Clothes, and Linnen. The *Guard* was almoſt angry, but the Marqueſs appeas'd him by preſenting another brimmer to him, deſiring him to drink it to the Mareſchal's health. After this they gave him another, and in a little time he was ſo drunk, that no body rail'd at the Mareſchal more than himſelf. In this good humour they ſent him back, and the Mareſchal, impatient to know the ſucceſs of his Deputy, had conducted him within a hundred paces of the Gate, he no ſooner ſaw him, but he threw himſelf out of his Coach to ask him what was the reaſon he ſtaid ſo long? He found the *Guard* was drunk by the firſt word he ſpoke, and growing into a great paſſion, call'd for a Cane, but none being found in the Coach, he bid a Servant of his, call'd *Gendarme*, (who was both his *Valet de Chambre*, and Secretary, tho' he could neither write nor read,) to unbrace his Leg, and that ſhould ſerve him for a ſtick. *Gendarme* told him it could not be; and upon this he flew at his Peruque, diſcharging his anger upon him. When the Mareſchal was tyred with beating him, he

call'd

call'd the *Guard*, who was ſlunk off, and asking him freſh queſtions, his anger was much more encreaſt, when he heard *du Meſnil* was of the debauchery. For the occcaſion of his anger hitherto, only was becauſe ſhe had ſeen the Marqueſs *de Sable* privately, and this was the reaſon he would have ſent him to Priſon.

The *Guard* had no ſooner ſpoke, but he cry'd out he was undone, and reaching his hand to *Gendarme*, come *ſays he*, let us forget what's paſs'd, and tell me if I be not very unhappy, what is to be done my Friend? But be ſure you ſay nothing of it to my Wife, for you know ſhe always told me what a Carrian this was. *Gendarme* would not for twice as many blows, but this had happen'd; he laugh'd in his ſleeve, and would make him no anſwer. The *Mareſchal* deſir'd him again to forget all injuries, and to put him in good humour, promis'd to give him the ſute he had on that day. *Gendarme* was a little appeas'd at that promiſe, but glad of the opportunity to mortify him, Have not I often told you, *ſaid he*, as well as the *Mareſchaleſs*, that ſhe was a Whore? were I in your place, as ſoon as I came home, I would turn that Baſtard out of

doors, who is none of yours I warrant you, and yet you Educate him with the greateſt Faith in the World, whilſt your own Daughters, more perhaps out of neceſſity than inclination — Ah Traytor, *ſays the Mareſchal, interrupting him*, will you always be reaſoning? What my Boy is not my own; he does not reſemble me like two drops of Water? has he not the Ears of the *Grancey*'s? a ſure ſign he is of the Family: I'le have you hang'd, and tho' I ſav'd you from the halter at *Thionville*, I'le ſend you to your former deſtiny.

Large flat Ears.

Gendarme, altho' he had known he ſhould be worſe treated than before, could not forbear anſwering theſe invectives. This is fine, *crys he*, to take a Baſtards part, and neglect your own Daughters, I thought you might be angry at what I was ſaying of them, but for ought I find that's your leaſt care. 'Tis true, he has your great Ears, but is that ſo unqueſtionable a ſign he is your own, as you believe? How many Women bring forth Children with ſome particular mark, when the Mothers have taken too much notice of ſome diſagreeable Object; your Mother perhaps might look

look upon — he meant an Aſs, but dareing not to ſpeak the Word, he mutter'd it to himſelf. The *Mareſchal* took but little notice of it, and being appeas'd becauſe he yielded him the reſemblance of the Ears; well then, *ſays he*, what is to be done? ſhall I ſuffer a Girl to remain in theſe Villains hands, whom they have certainly taken away by force. *Gendarme* who knew they were at a debauch, and being dry with railing, thinking a Glaſs or two of Wine would fall to his ſhare, could he perſwade the *Mareſchal* to go thither; after he had ſet his Face to Counterfeit a Man of thought; upon my Faith, *ſaid he*, if you will take my advice, we will go immediately to 'em; we ſhall compaſs two ends in it; one the bringing back of *Meſnil*, and the other the hindring the accompliſhing perhaps of ſomething that may not pleaſe you. For how do we know, Wine renders ſome very brisk; and makes 'em perform marvels on thoſe occaſions: But ſhall not I venture my ſelf too much, quoth the *Mareſchal*? How critical you are, cry's *Gendarme*, when yon go every day you know where, do you make a ſcruple of going to *Viennes*, where all

the people of Quality rendezvous.

These reasons were sufficient to perswade the Mareschal, but desirous to be accompanied with a Guard, he would have had that fellow that had been there before follow him, but he was not to be found; for reposing himself upon a Stall, he was fallen so fast asleep, that when they found him it was impossible to wake him. The Mareschal would have had *Gendarme* put on his Coat, but he not caring to be oblig'd to make any hazardous complement to those, of whose discretion and respect he was so little assur'd, told him, he was too well known by the Company to take any figure but his own; and the Mareschal yielding to his reasons, suffered the Guard to sleep undisturb'd.

No sooner was he arriv'd at *Vienne*'s, but he made so much haste into the room where the Company was, that they had not time to acquaint 'em of his coming; they were extremely surpriz'd to see him, but Madam *de Mesnil* most of all, who thought after this he would no longer furnish for her Equipage. The Duke *de Saux*, as the most considerable, began to speak first, telling the Mareschal, that having a design

ſign to be merry, he ſent to invite this company, who going to Madam *du Meſnil*'s, would have engag'd her of the party, but ſhe was ſo averſe to it, that they were forc'd to carry her in their arms to the Coach, and they found their Company was not at all pleaſant to her; for ſhe had neither eat nor drunk ſince ſhe was there, and that they would never hereafter force any body againſt their inclinations.

The Mareſchal eaſily ſwallow'd this diſcourſe, and deſirous to make *Gendarme* take notice of it, whom he thought behind him, but who was at the Cupboard drinking of brimmers of Wine; he gave a Lacquey, who was bringing a Ragouſt to make 'em reliſh the Liquor, ſuch a blow on his arm, that the Diſh was thrown down. This broke off the diſcourſe, and he thought himſelf oblig'd to excuſe it: They told him it was no matter, bid him not concern himſelf, for the entertainment was ſo good, that there was enough left for him and them too: At the ſame time, the Duke *de Saux* took him by the Arm, making him ſit down between *du Meſnil* and himſelf; and every thing

was ſo well, that they began to eat and drink as before.

Madam *du Meſnil*, who was full up to the very Throat, affected a great Sobriety and Melancholy, and 'tis hard to ſay in which ſhe was the greateſt Hypocrite. Every one told her they wondered ſhe would not eat, now, ſince ſhe had all ſhe deſir'd ſo near her; but ſince the Mareſchal did not preſs her to it, as ſhe expected, ſhe refus'd it in a languiſhing air, which made thoſe ſmile who knew how ſhe behav'd her ſelf before he came in. The Mareſchal, almoſt dead with hunger, thought of nothing but filling his belly; and tho' he ſpoke ſome few words to oblige her to the ſame, yet ſhe had a mind to be more entreated. After he had appeas'd his hunger, being now at leiſure to take care of her, grew more gallant. She ſeem'd to yield to what he deſir'd, began to eat a-freſh, tho' her health ran no little danger by it.

Hereupon the Company ſaid, 'twas eaſie to perceive who had the power over her: This made the Mareſchal ſmile in his ſleeve, and he was ſo tickled at it, that he could not forbear treading upon the Ladies toes in ſign of friend-

friendſhip. The Debauch was drove on to exceſs, and when they had rail'd at all the World, they began to ſpeak ill of one another. The Mareſchal told the Duke *de Saux*, that he need not wonder his being ſo luſty and fat, when his Brother the Marqueſs *de Ragni* was ſo thin and lean; that he was made between two Doors, when his Brother was got in a Bed; that ſurpriſing joys were greater than thoſe expected in courſe, and he could let him know, if he did not already, that he owed as much reſpect to the Duke *de Roquelaure* as to his own Father. The Duke *de Saux*, to return it in his own coyn, told him, that he could not ſpeak ſo preciſely of his, ſince his Mother had had ſo many Gallants, that it was impoſſible for him to ſay to which he ow'd his Birth; that it was pity his Daughter was not educated by ſo able a Woman; that perhaps they might not have been ſo high and proud; for the only difference of their Temper and their Grandmother's, was, that they have two Princes for their Gallants, when ſhe always took the firſt that came: That nevertheleſs it was reported they held not always

their

their Hearts ſo high; for if Fame was to be credited, they had no great averſion to one of their Servants, but it was not to be mention'd for fear of injuring them, and he was ready to ſign, if he pleas'd, that it was only a ſtory invented by ſome malicious body.

The Mareſchal *de Grancey* ſwore it was an untruth; that it was true indeed, there was one of the Servants more agreeable to 'em than the reſt, for his Perſon, Dreſſing, and Wit; but ſeeing the Town talk'd of it, he had turn'd him away, to cut off all colour to theſe falſe reports; and to prove what he ſaid to be authentick, he call'd for ſome Wine, proteſting that he would drink four Glaſſes in each hand, and that they ſhould hear him after that ſwear the ſame thing, and what could be a greater proof of the truth of it, ſince in *Vino Veritas*, the honeſt Drunkard always ſpeaks his mind. This was too plain to be deny'd; and they fell into diſcourſe of the amour of *Monſieur* with Mademoiſelle *de Grancey*, and upon the paſſion of Monſieur the Duke for her Siſter the Counteſs *de Maré*, which gave an opportunity

portunity to one of the Company to ſing ſome Verſes made upon that occaſion.

The Mareſchal was ſo far in his Cups, that he would by all means learn the Song, and ſing it with the reſt; this diverted 'em for ſome time, after which they began to think of retiring home. The Duke *de Saux* forgetting his promiſe to *Vienne*, went into his Coach, with a reſolution to paſs the night with *du Meſnil*, if the Mareſchal *de Grantey*, who had taken her into his, ſhould ſet her down at her Lodgings. To this purpoſe he commanded a Footman to dog her, and to bring him an anſwer at a place appointed. The Boy ſoon return'd, and acquainting him that the Mareſchal, after he had ſet her down, was gone home, he drove to her Lodgings, where he paſs'd the night. Much Wine had paſs'd, and not caring much to force himſelf, he knew not whether the charm of the Pulvillio was broke, but put all off till the Morrow; and he was faſt aſleep when *Gendarme* was knocking at the door; *du Meſnil*, not daring to refuſe him entrance, ſince he came from the Patroon, had ſcarce time to wake the Duke,

Duke, and desire him to slip behind a Curtain. *Gendarme*, who was very diligent to take notice of any thing that might disquiet his Master, perceiv'd, as he was making the complement, that there were two prints tumbled in the Bed; and impatient to tell it the old Fellow, he ran at an unusual rate, and came to *de Grancey* quite out of breath.

The Mareschal enquir'd the occasion of his haste; to tell you, answer'd he, that you are the greatest Bubble in the World; and whilst you sleep so peaceably here, there are fine things doing for you abroad; that all the Children which you fancy your own, have another Father, for all their fine Ears perhaps; and that in a word, you are a Cuckold, an egregious doating Cuckold. Do but rise, continued he, and you may still find the Hare in the form, or else the print of his steps so plain, that it will not be difficult to trace him. The Mareschal, who knew what pleasure he took to raise his doubts, bid him take care of what he said, that his life was in danger, for he would never more forgive him: but nevertheless he call'd for his Leg and his Cloaths, and was in such haste

to

to be dreſs'd, and *Gendarme* ſo concern'd to make good his promiſe, that betwixt 'em his Truſs was forgot.

The ſhaking of the Coach ſoon made the *Mareſchal* perceive what he wanted, they muſt needs go back to fetch it, and in this time, the Duke *de Saux* was dreſs'd and gone. *Du Meſnil* knew how little kindneſs *Gendarme* had for her, and therefore caus'd the Bed to be new made, and afterwards went fairly into the middle of it. It was a farce to ſee the Truſs put on in the Coach; *Gendarme* ſwore he forgot it on purpoſe to let the Bird eſcape; and the Mareſchal ſaid, *Gendarme* did it purpoſely for an excuſe: And in fine, it was very diverting to hear their diſputes, which made ſuch a noiſe that drew the Rabble about the Coach: the Footmen, accuſtom'd to theſe matters, diſpers'd the lookers-on, and the *Mareſchal* drew the Curtains to hide his Infirmity from thoſe that knew it not.

The Affair being accompliſh'd with much pains, they continued their way, and arriving at *du Meſnil*'s, *Gendarme* was extremely aſtoniſh'd to find but one print in the Bed when he had obſerv'd

ſerv'd two. The *Mareſchal* perceiv'd his ſurpriſe, and fearing leſt he ſhould get firſt to the door, run in all haſte to prevent it, but his wooden Leg ſlipping, he fell and hurt himſelf. *Gendarme* finding that tho' he was in the right, he muſt bear all the blame, took that opportunity to eſcape, which enraged the *Mareſchal*; he ſwore he would have him hang'd and damn'd; and this encourag'd *du Meſnil*, who was in fear leſt he ſhould give more credit to him than her ſelf.

She gave him her hand to help him up, and when he had recover'd his breath, he freely confeſs'd what had paſs'd, begging her pardon for his unjuſt ſuſpicions. When ſhe found it went ſo well, ſhe thought it proper to give him many harſh reprimands, demanding if this was a recompence for what ſhe did every day for his ſake, forgetting nothing that might confirm her innocence, and bring him to a thorow Repentance. He gave all the ſigns of it that were to be imagin'd, but nothing pleas'd her ſo much as a Note he ſent to a neighbouring Prieſt, deſiring him to return thanks

thanks for the diſcovery he had made of *Gendarme*'s wickedneſs.

Whilſt the *Mareſchal* was thus delighted at his good fortune in his good Miſtreſs, the Duke *de Saux* thought of re-eſtabliſhing his Reputation with Madam *de Lionne*; and what aſſurance ſoever he might have in his Conſtitution, he nevertheleſs not only refrain'd from ſeeing the Count *de Tallard* and *Louiſon*, but dieted of what he thought would contribute to a vigorous health; and thinking himſelf then in a condition to enter the Liſts, went to the Field, but found another Champion already engag'd; for the Count *de Fieſque* was return'd more amorous than ever, and tho' their proceedings had given juſt reaſons for a perpetual quarrel on both ſides, Madam *de Lionne* and he no ſooner met, but they were reconcil'd, neither had the Duke reaſon to queſtion it, for being well acquainted in the Family, they ſuffer'd him to go up without notice, and finding no body in the Chamber, he look'd through the Key-hole, and ſaw an Engagement that would not have ſurpriz'd him had he not known of the Quarrel: Nevertheleſs, altho' he

came

came for the ſame purpoſe, and had no reaſon to be contented that the place was already taken, he plac'd himſelf calmly upon a Stool, knowing very well that the Count *de Fieſque*, who was no rude player, would have ſoon finiſhed the Game; and it was no ſooner over but they both came into the Chamber, full of confuſion at the ſurpriſe to ſee one there they ſo little expected, and whom they could ſcarcely have ſent for upon this occaſion. The Duke *de Saux*, thinking that ſilence would augment the diſorder he perceiv'd they were in, endeavour'd to break it; and as there was nothing but Debauchery in his intentions, he ſoon recover'd the accident, and found himſelf in a more free and eaſie diſpoſition of mind than he could have been, had his heart had the leaſt concern in the adventure. I thought you had been both my Friends, *ſaid he to 'em*, and therefore imagin'd you would not have rejoyc'd without me You know that a Reconcilement is equal to a Wedding, and yet you are partaking the delights of Paradiſe, and make me no invitation. I was never inquiſitive until to day, and now I am cur'd of it for

for all my life: how ſottiſh a thing it is to ſee the Pleaſures and Tranſports of others through a Key-hole; and I believe had I not left the Colledge it would have coſt me a mortal ſin: Why do you not leave at leaſt, Madam, *ſays he, addreſſing himſelf to Madam* de Lionne, one of your Women here? 'twould ſerve to fool away the time in expecting you; I give you this advice, and you have no reaſon to deſpiſe it, this will at leaſt abate their curioſity, and your affairs may chance to fall into the hands of a perſon who will not uſe you ſo well as I.

There will always remain a certain confuſion upon the firſt diſcovery of our ſecrets, eſpecialy in a Woman that has the leaſt Modeſty left. The Duke might obſerve this truth in Madam *de Lionne*, ſhe was more diſordered than before, and I know not if ſhe would have made a worſe Figure had her Husband been preſent: her Eyes were caſt down, and if ſhe ever ventur'd to look up, 'twas on the Count *de Fieſque*, whom ſhe ſeem'd to excite to her defence; but he was yet in a greater confuſion, ſo that finding he had not the ſenſe to draw her out of this accident,

This

This is what your folly has been the occaſion of, *ſaid ſhe to the Count*, you ſhut the door againſt my will, and the Duke has no doubt ſeen you buſying with ſome trifle. Excuſe me, Madam, *anſwered the Duke*, it was truly no trifle which I ſaw, except you call that ſo which we eſteem the greateſt happineſs; but bluſh not for it, the Count is very well worth your care, and I deſire you only to acknowledge, that the pleaſure is quite another thing after a little falling out.

Whilſt this was ſaying, Madam *de Cœuvres* came in, and drew her Mother from this diſorder; for the Duke *de Saux*, who, tho' he had not a great paſſion for her, took pleaſure in her converſation, went with her to the Ruel, and afforded an opportunity to theſe Lovers to recover themſelves. Madam *de Lionne*, who had an ambitious heart, that is to ſay, whom one Lover could not ſuffice, was no ſooner free from one inquietude than ſhe fell into another; and tho' ſhe had promis'd to aſſiſt the Duke, yet ſhe fancied her Daughter gave too much attention to him; and ſhe liſtned after every word he ſpoke, to find if ſhe was not in the right.

The

The Count *de Fieſque* obſerv'd her diſtraction, and quarrel'd with her about it, but it was impoſſible for him to interrupt her deſign; ſhe perceiv'd it was e'en as ſhe imagin'd, and ſhe no longer doubted of her tenderneſs, when ſhe found ſhe permitted him to kiſs her Hand without any violence. The Duke immediatly after it went out, upon which ſhe preſum'd the affair was much advanc'd, and that no queſtion it was an earneſt of a more acceptable Promiſe; ſhe reſolv'd if it was ſo, to croſs theſe Lovers with all her power; and having got rid of the Count, ſent for a Chair, pretending buſineſs, yet would not ſtir till the Horſes were in her Daughter's Coach; when ſhe went out, diſperſing her Footmen on ſleeveleſs errands: having thus far proceeded, ſhe bid the Chair-men ſtop at the corner of the Street, commanding them to follow the Coach when it came forth. They were not long in ambuſcade before they ſaw it, the Coach went to the *Tuilleries* near the King's Stables, and ſhe was there almoſt as ſoon as her Daughter.

She was ſo diſguis'd, that ſhe hop'd no body would know her; nevertheleſs, miſtruſting her Shape and Air might

might be remarkable, ſhe counterfeited her ſelf lame, and follow'd as faſt as ſhe could. The Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres* took two turns to loſe ſome Perſons ſhe found there, and afterwards went by the Gate towards the *Ponte Rouge*, which oblig'd her Mother to double her pace; and as there was ſome diſtance between 'em, it was impoſſible for her to arrive there ſo ſoon as ſhe deſir'd, ſo that when ſhe came to the Gate, her Daughter was already out of ſight; ſhe look'd about on all ſides to ſee if ſhe could perceive which way ſhe went, but all that ſhe could diſcover was a Coach without a Livery, which in a moment was out of ſight: ſhe was vex'd there was none ready to follow it, and reſolv'd not to be trap'd ſo the next time, not doubting, if her ſuſpicions were true, that theſe Lovers would not be contented with this enterview.

It was not eaſie to deceive her, ſhe was too knowing in this matter, for even in this Coach were the Marchioneſs and the Duke; he was carrying her to *Autheuil*, a Houſe which the Mareſchal *de Grancey* hir'd for *du Meſnil*, and ſhe had given him leave to make uſe of when

when he pleas'd. No ſooner were they arriv'd, but he had a mind to know if he was ſtill enchanted; and he found that two or three days of reſt to a Man of his Age, was a wonderful remedy againſt ſuch ſort of Charms; when he had careſs'd her twice he was glad to entertain her with ſome other diverſion, and he thought nothing was more pleaſant than the relation of what happen'd to him with her Mother. The Marchioneſs told him there could be nothing of it, for ſhe was too much fix'd to the Count *de Fieſque* to make an eſſay of his force; but the Story not being very much to his advantage, and he aſſuring it with many horrid Oaths, ſhe would rather believe it than occaſion further Imprecations.

She had nevertheleſs ſome other tokens of the truth of it, which ſhe would have contentedly paſs'd without, for the Duke ſhe found was again enchanted; the Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres*, who was one of the prettieſt Women in *Paris*, took it for a great affront to her, and began to be concern'd; ſhe not only ſhew'd it by her Countenance, but reſented it in theſe terms; I was never a Glutton in this point, and if

you

you knew what Monſieur *de Cœuvres* ſays of me concerning it, you would find it was not on that occaſion that I ſpeak; beſides, it is often a great puniſhment to me to endure it, which makes him often ſay, that I am not my Mothers Daughter, and that certainly I was chang'd at Nurſe. Yet altho' my coldneſs might have diſcouraged him, he never gave me ſuch an affront as you have done. I remember that on our Wedding Night———but why ſhould I tell you, it will make you dye with ſhame; and yet he was a Husband, but you a Gallant. But ye Gods what a Gallant? one that has taken that Name to abuſe me, and I may judge by this firſt interview, what I muſt expect from you; but it is well I have not been long deceiv'd, there is a remedy, and I know what Courſe I ought to take. The Duke *de Saux*, who was not naturally very baſhful, was nevertheleſs aſham'd at theſe reprimands, and beg'd of Madam *de Cœuvres* to expoſe all her Beauties to his ſight, aſſuring her it would be a perfect recovery to his Vigour.

Many if they had been in her place, would have granted a requeſt like this, but whether ſhe was miſtruſtful of her hidden

hidden Beauties, or she imagin'd it to little purpose, she would not consent to it, so that from the first they were not very much Charm'd with one another.

Parting in this indifferency, it was some time before they had another meeting, which troubl'd Madam *de Lionne*, who was in pain to be assur'd of their Intrigue; what she had observ'd made her not question their Correspondence, but thought they were too cunning for her, and the vexation at it put her upon the design of advertising the Marquess *de Cœuvres* to look narrowly after the Conduct of his Wife. The Marquess was so mean spirited, that he resolv'd to call all the Family together upon this affair: Every one was invited, even to the Grandfather the Mareschal, and his quality and age giving him without dispute the first place in the Council, he gave attention to all that was said, without discovering his own Sentiments. Most of 'em were for sending the Marchioness to a Nunnery, saying this was what might be expected from so unequal a Match, that if their Relation had marry'd one of equal rank to himself, he had had no occasion to demand Justice for

Some enlarg'd upon it, and ſaid, that an ill Tree ſeldom brings good Fruit; and when her Mother had always made profeſſion of Gallantry, it was not to be expected, but her Daughter ſhould reſemble her. That they had Whores enough in the Family without her, and that it was fit ſhe ſhould not only be ſent to the Nunnery, but alſo be depriv'd of ever bearing the Name of the Family.

The good Mareſchal had a Colour at this Diſcourſe, and they who remark'd it, believ'd that it was occaſion'd by his Reſentment of it, or through ſome new indiſpoſition that had happen'd to him. But when they had done ſpeaking, they ſoon perceiv'd there was nothing of this in it; neither could they doubt of it, when they heard him ſay, In troth you make me mad to hear ye talk thus; ye that pretend to be ſo delicate, but who had not been here any more than my ſelf, had our Mothers been ſo nice. We know what we know, but you may be certain that the fineſt of our Noſes was borrowed from our Neighbours, and we have ſo much reaſon to praiſe the good Women of our Family, both in the direct and collateral

ral Line, that I admire ye are for baniſhing thoſe who reſemble 'em. When I marry'd my Grandſon *de Cœuvres* to Madam *de Lionne*, do you imagine I did it in conſideration, either becauſe ſhe was the Daughter of a Miniſter of State, or becauſe ſhe was rich, or for her Reputation; theſe were too narrow proſpects for a man of my age, and experience; no, my drift was, that being ſo handſom, ſhe might revive the luſtre and greatneſs of our Family, which always drew its conſiderableneſs not from the Males, but Females. If I have been deceiv'd, it was not my fault, my Intentions were as well meant in this, as in my marriage with *Mademoiſelle de Manicamp*, in effect my Wife was handſom enough to make all our Fortunes, but her Brothers Reputation has been a great injury to her. I know there was a Propoſition made to her, before I marryed her, which ſhe did not think agreeable, being of a diſpoſition contrary to her Brother; Since that time a thing of the ſame nature has happen'd to her, but ſhe had rather dye than not be conformable to the Family ſhe is enter'd into. How has ſhe wander'd from the Footſteps of our Anceſtors?

for if ſo, I declare my ſelf her greateſt Enemy. Has ſhe had any Commerce with the Chevalier *de Lorrain*? Let her be burnt: Has ſhe had any Converſation with the Chevalier *de Chaſtillon*? Drown her: Has ſhe had any Correſpondence with the Duke of *Luxemburgh*? Let her be hang'd: If you accuſe her of this, you need not ſeek any other Executioner. But if her Crime has been only to ſeek the Pleaſures of Nature, I declare my ſelf her Protector. Let all this be kept amongſt our ſelves, that the Court know nothing of it; The ſhorteſt Follies are the beſt, and it will be ill husbandry to let the whole Town laugh at our Expence. The whole Company were offended at the beginning of this Diſcourſe, but they found ſo much good Senſe in the Concluſion, that they reſolv'd to conform to it. There was not time to deliver their opinion of it, for a Lacquy coming in to acquaint the Mareſchal that *Leſſé du Bail* and two or three other famous Gameſters expected him, he took his leave, telling them they ought not by any means to diſſent from what he had declar'd.

The Biſhop of *Laon* when his Father was

was gone, remain'd the Preſident of the Council, and being very Politick, thinking Monſieur *de Lionnes* favour would do him no diſſervice in obtaining the Cardinal's Cap, which he has ſince accompliſhed; he told 'em, he extreamly wonder'd at two things, firſt that they ſhould proceed thus againſt his Niece upon a meer ſuſpition; and ſecondly ſhould ſo raſhly ſpeak ill of his Family; that for the one, it ought to be made out as clear as the Sun at Noon, before they went ſo far; and for the other, it was very well known that the Family of *Lionne* was as renown'd as any in *Dauphiné*. That the Malice of thoſe who denyed a matter ſo authentick ſufficiently demonſtrated how little Faith was to be given to 'em in other things; that Madam *de Cœuvres* was indeed too handſom to be without Admirers; but on the other ſide, ſhe was too wiſe to make a return to their Paſſions. That whilſt he had been at *Paris*, he was often enough with her, to take notice if there had been any irregularity in her Conduct, but he had never perceiv'd her guilty of any thing to the diſcredit of her Family; that he would look more nicely to it now, and would

be ſo much with her when his affairs would permit, that there ſhould none be more capable of giving a better judgment of her than himſelf. The Marqueſs *de Cœuvres* thought he was oblig'd to give him thanks for the pains he would take, and making his Complement, told him, there were few Uncles to be found ſo kind to take the concerns of their Relations ſo much to heart. But he was the only man in the Company who did not penetrate his Deſign. The good Prelate was fal'n in Love with his Niece, and having not leiſure enough to follow the whole Duty of a Lover, he reſolv'd to make her eſteem this as a great piece of Service, and to demand an immediate recompence for it; in effect, no ſooner was the Aſſembly broke up, when he went to the Marchioneſs, and looking upon her in an Air that would have diſcovered his Intentions, had ſhe obſerv'd it. I know not Madam, *ſays he*, if you already perceiv'd the extream Paſſion I have for you, ſhould I have acquainted you with it the moment I was ſenſible of it, it would have been divulg'd the firſt time I ſaw you; but thoſe kind of Declarations are only proper for Ignorants,

rants, and for my part, I always believ'd that before we advanc'd so far, the person was to be prepar'd by some considerable Services. If you have observ'd my proceedings, I have omitted no opportunity, but they have always been so frivolous in Comparison of what I coveted, that hitherto I have not had the boldness to discover my self. But opportunity to day has presented, and I have appeas'd a whole Family incens'd against you, and who talk'd of nothing less than confineing you perpetually to a Nunnery. I knew, Madam, they were doing a great injustice to you, but it had pass'd irrecoverably, had not I engag'd for you; this would deserve a recompence to another, but for my part it will be satisfaction enough to me, will you but only give me leave to see you, and to love you. The Marchioness *de Cœuvres* was so astonish'd at this Declaration, that she could scarcely believe her Ears, and the surprise of what she heard was so great, that it interrupted her as she was going to shew her Resentment to his boldness, so that she fell from the passion she was rais'd to, and calmly demanded what could be the occasion, or what had she ever done to

be ſo baſely us'd? I cannot tell you, Madam, *anſwer'd the Biſhop*, except it proceeds from ſome ſuſpicions of your Husbands; he mentions no particular Circumſtance, and all that I can comprehend in it, is, that ſome body who has no good Wiſhes for you, has occaſion'd this miſchief betwixt you. But fear nothing, he depends now altogether upon the Character I ſhall give him of your Conduct, and I have undertaken to watch you ſo narrowly, that it is impoſſible for any thing to ſcape unknown to me. Hereupon he gave her an account of what was ſaid in the Aſſembly, except what the good Mareſchal ſpoke in her favour, for he would have all the obligation of clearing her from this Affair attributed to himſelf.

The Marchioneſs was overjoy'd that nothing of her Intrigue was diſcover'd, and taking courage upon it, I am very unhappy, Sir, *ſays ſhe*, to be ſo unjuſtly accus'd; and tho' I cannot diſown ſome Obligation to you in it, yet give me leave to tell you, that ſuch proceedings as yours will quickly leſſen the favour: You ought to remember your own Character, and the Family we are of, if you forget my Virtue, and the Duty

I owe my Husband; but I find the ungenerous reaſon of it, the injurious Stories you have heard of me, has encourag'd you to this boldneſs, but I ſhould have more reaſon to have better thoughts of you, had you not baſely concluded, that (tho' I had an inclination to Crimes of that nature,) I was of ſo ſear'd a Conſcience not to abhor what you propoſe. 'Tis not any Criminal matter I propoſe to you, anſwer'd the Biſhop, and you do me wrong to accuſe me of it. What is it that you demand of me then? *Says Madam de Cœuvres.* Only that you permit me to adore you, and to ſeek all occaſions of rendring you ſervice, *reply'd the Biſhop.* What, 'tis a trifle then with you, *ſays Madam de Cœuvres*, for a Biſhop to make Love to a marryed Woman, and for an Uncle to endeavour to ſeduce his Niece? Believe me, if I have any Caſe of Conſcience to conſult of, you ſhall never be my Caſuiſt; in the mean time, tho' I cannot forbid you ſeeing of me, ſince it is not in my power to hinder you, yet oblige me ſo far as not to offer any ſuch Diſcourſe to me, for perhaps I ſhall not have diſcretion enough to conceal it from Monſieur *de Cœuvres.*

Theſe words were Thunderbolts to

the Biſhop, and for all his Wit he was ſo daſh'd, that he had not a word to ſay. A poor unfortunate Prieſt, that came a Moment after to ſolicit ſome ſmall buſineſs with him, found the Effects of his anger, and all his people found him in ſo ill temper, that they could not imagin the reaſon of ſo great an alteration. They ſuffer'd for it as well as himſelf. At Table every thing was ſo ill dreſs'd, that he ask'd if they deſign'd to poiſon him; and if he durſt, he would have beaten the whole World. His Paſſion was not nevertheleſs extinguiſh'd, the difficulty had rather increas'd it; but not daring to mention it any more to the Marchioneſs, diſcourag'd by his reception, he reſolv'd to be ſo diligent a ſpy upon her Conduct, that fear might force her to that, which he could not obtain from her Love.

This *Argus*, with all his care, could not diſcover any thing for ſome time, and tho' the Duke *de Saux* came continually to the Houſe, there being an intimacy imagin'd between him and Madam *de Lionne*, and he asking moſt commonly for her, it paſs'd ſo well, that this was the man he leaſt ſuſpected, but it being difficult to deceive a Lover long, the Biſhop after a while fancy'd

cy'd that Madam *de Lionne* was only the pretence, but that the Sacrifice was deſign'd for the Marchioneſs. The Duke *de Saux*, who had not yet found an opportunity to reconcile himſelf to Madam *de Lionne*, was ſeeking all occaſions for it, which was the reaſon he ſo often viſited her, and at the firſt that preſented, knowing her temper and inclinations, Madam, *ſays he*, behold a Criminal, who comes to do himſelf Juſtice, and tho' I have ſome reaſon to accuſe you, yet I being the firſt offender, am oblig'd to make the firſt Submiſſion, to authoriſe my following reſentment. What do you complain of, Sir, anſwer'd ſhe, is it becauſe you found me with Monſieur *de Fieſque*, how did it concern you, and after what I have ſeen, would you again abuſe me? The Duke thinking ſhe reproach'd him with his Impotency, I have nothing to ſay to it, Madam, *anſwered he*, and I have already acknowledg'd my ſelf the moſt Criminal of Mankind, but there is forgiveneſs for all Crimes, and here I am ready to repair the Injury. At theſe words he was making ready to perform his promiſe, and altho' Madam *de Lionne*, was not accuſtom'd to refuſe any body, ſhe told him in a deſpiſing air, that he was

miſtaken

miſtaken, and ſhe was not Madam *de Cœuvres*. What do you mean, Madam, *anſwered the Duke*, and why do you mention one who thinks not of us, and we have no reaſon to think of? Do you take me for a Fool, *cry'd* Madam *de Lionne*, did not I ſee her with you the other day? I follow'd you to the *Tuilleries*, and tho' the Footmen and Coach was diſguis'd, it hinder'd not me from diſcovering the whole Intrigue. You ſaw it, Madam, *demanded the Duke* de Saux *with a ſerious Countenance?* Yes, Sir, *anſwered Madam* de Lionne, with my own Eyes. Since it is ſo, then Madam, ſays he very ſeriouſly, give me your hand, we have nothing to reproach one the other withal, and I have ſeen as well as you thoſe things; it will be to little purpoſe to remention, remember not the Coach, and I'le indeavour to forget the Cloſet; what ſay you, is it not very reaſonable? this was too Cavalier an Entertainment, to win any favours from the Lady, ſo that continuing this Diſcourſe, they parted ſo Melancholy, that each imagin'd there was nothing after this to be demanded. The Duke *de Saux* returned home, and was there hardly a quarter of an Hour before he receiv'd this Note from the Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres*.

A Letter from Madam *de Çœuvres* to the Duke *de Saux.*

IT is not above an hour or two ſince I deſign'd to enquire how you did after your paralitick fit, but when I ſaw you get into your Coach ſo overjoy'd at Madam de Lionnes, *I thought my Complement would be to little purpoſe. Any beſides my ſelf would have wonder'd, that ſhe ſhould perform a Miracle, they had ſo unſucceſsfully endeavour'd to Compaſs; but I find the reaſon; in many things, I have not an Experience equal to hers; and perhaps ſhe may have an intereſt with the Saints, that I cannot boaſt of; Let me know which you are beholden to, for I have all the reaſon in the World to believe it proceeds from a Religious Effect, when I find you pay ſuch Devotion to Relicks.*

This quarrel did not at all ſurpriſe the Duke, and the Count *de Tallard* being in the Country for ſome time, and *Loüiſon d'Arquien* ſick through too much Devotion, he finding himſelf in a humour not to be pleas'd any longer without Company, return'd her this Anſwer.

The Duke *de Saux* to Madam *de Cœuvres.*

IF I was at Madam de Lionnes, *'twas with a deſign to ſee you, but perſons of*

of your temper are not pitiful every day, and 'tis enough for us, if, knowing that we dye for you, you are but pleas'd at our unhappy Fates. I have been in search for you ever since my misfortune, to let you know 'tis you alone can cure me; if you will make an Experiment of it about two in the Morning, I have an infallible secret will help me to the door of your Apartment. Be satisfy'd you run no danger, since your Husband will not return from Versailles *before to morrow Night; if you have but the least consideration for my health, you will accept the offer; remember that old mischiefs are dangerous, and if you permit mine to root it self deeper, have a care lest it becomes at last incurable.*

Madam *de Cœuvres* was not so angry, but a proposition of this nature had power to appease her, she therefore bid the Messenger tell him she expected him. The Mercury returning to the Duke's Appartment overjoy'd, observ'd not that the Bishop *de Laon* was writing a Letter in the Duke's Closet, but before he came to the door, cry'd, good News, good News; the Duke *de Saux* made him Signs to hold his tongue, but this was enough for the smoaky Bishop,

and

and his ſuſpicions were doubled when he found him to be the Dukes Agent in Love Affairs. He could make no certain Judgment of it, but ſuſpecting it might be ſome appointment for night, he reſolv'd to watch ſo ſtrictly that he ſhould be ſure to know if his Niece was concern'd in it. And the Duke who was very indiſcreet, had often let fall ſome Words, which convinc'd him he had not ſo much eſteem for Madam *de Lionnes*, as to render her ſuch frequent Viſits. After he left the Duke, he was impatient till Night came, that he might place himſelf in Ambuſcade; and altho' there could be no greater diſſatisfaction to him, than to find what he was in ſearch of, yet his whole hopes were engag'd upon the diſcovery of the Myſtery. The hour he wiſh'd for being arriv'd, he play'd the ſpy round the *Hoſtel de Lionne*, and that he might be ſure not to be deceiv'd, he look'd in every ones face that paſſed by: This was a fine Employment for a Biſhop, and eſpecially ſo ſerious a one as he ſeem'd; but he took what care he could to avoid the Scandal, having left his Croſs at home, and cover'd his bald Crown with a Peruque, with his Sword by his ſide, he ſeem'd to be no little Cavalier.

Such

Such was the power of Love: but it was not in his head alone, for the good man Mr. *de Lionne*, notwithſtanding all his buſineſs, and his age, was no freer from it than the reſt. Whether it be impoſſible for a man to live without a Woman, or whether he thought to enrage his Wife at a Miſtreſs, he had one who was an honeſt Citizens Wife, and whilſt her Husband was buſie in an Employment he had given him, to draw him from home, he us'd to refreſh himſelf with her, from the burdenſom affairs which the Kings us'd to truſt him withal. It happen'd that this Night he had juſt left her, and as he was returning with a *Valet* that us'd to aſſiſt him in his Amour; the Biſhop, who thought every body was the Duke de *Sanx*, approach'd to look in his face. The *Valet* taking him for a Thief, clapp'd a Piſtol he had under his Cloak to his breaſt. The Biſhop, whoſe trade it was not to be ſtout, taking likewiſe the *Valet* for a Rogue, deſir'd him not to kill him, and if it was only his Purſe that he wanted, he was ready to deliver it. He us'd to be often at *M*—— *de Lionne*'s, ſo that they both quickly knew him by his Voice, and the *Valet* ſurpris'd,

ſurpris'd, told him he need not fear, for that was his Maſter *de Lionne*. Mr. *de Lionne*, who deſir'd not to be known, was angry that the imprudence of the *Valet* had diſcover'd him, but it being paſt redreſs, and knowing the Biſhop by his Voice, he ask'd him for what Adventure he was thus diſguis'd. The good Prelate was in deſpair at this rencounter, and tho' he was reported to be of a ready wit, he found himſelf in great confuſion, he would have deny'd himſelf if he could, but Mr. *de Lionne* and his Servant knew his Face and Voice too well for that, in ſpight of the diſguiſe, and the latter was already asking his pardon for preſenting the Piſtol to him, ſaying it was to be excus'd, ſince it was impoſſible for any body to know him in that diſguiſe.

Theſe Excuſes gave the Prelate time to recover himſelf, and confeſſing part of the Truth to Mr. *de Lionne*, that he was come ſo accouter'd to ſee if the Duke *de Saux* would come there, whom he ſuſpected had an Intrigue with the Marchioneſs *de Cœuvres*; he reſerv'd the other part, which was nevertheleſs the true occaſion of the trouble he gave himſelf. Mr. *de Lionne*, who knew the weakneſs

neſs of Humane Nature, and who had no ſevere opinion of his Daughter, commended his zeal, and proffer'd to watch with him : So that the *Valet* being ſent away, whom the Biſhop did not think fit to be privy to this Secret. They agreed to ſeparate in order to make the better diſcoveries ; but their pains would have been to little purpoſe, had not the natural inquiſitiveneſs of the *Valet* engag'd him to ſtay alſo to ſee what all this matter meant.

As he was looking attentively about, he perceiv'd a Man ſcaling the Garden Walls, which the Sentinels could not ſee, they happening to be on the other ſide ; from thence he diſcern'd him enter a Window open'd for him, which anſwer'd to the Mount, and this threw him into a profound Meditation. He thought there muſt be Love in the caſe, and not knowing how to apply it to any body except his Miſtreſs or her Daughter, he was in diſpute whether he ſhould acquaint his Maſter with it, doubting if the news would be agreeable to him. Whil'ſt he was thus reaſoning upon what he was oblig'd to do, the Duke *de Saux*, who was the Man that went in, was endeavouring to get into the Marchioneſs *de Cœu-*

Cœuvres Apartment, not far off; but he found himſelf ſtop'd by the arm, by Madam *de Lionne*, who had made an appointment with the Count *de Fieſque*, and imagin'd it to be him: Is it you, *ſaid ſhe at the ſame time*, my dear Count! why did you ſtay ſo long?

The Duke *de Saux*, who very well knew Madam *de Lionnes* voice, made no reply, which very much ſurpris'd her, fearing ſhe was in a miſtake; to be ſatisfied, ſhe threw her arms about his neck, and finding him bigger, and fatter than the friend ſhe expected, ſhe ſhriek'd out loud enough to have wak'd all the Houſe, had they not been in a dead ſleep. The Duke *de Saux* apprehenſive leſt her imprudence ſhould occaſion miſchief on both ſides, broke the ſilence in theſe terms, which he uttered as ſoftly as poſſible. What do you do, Madam, *ſaid he*, have you not the judgment to perceive you are going to ruin your ſelf? If it was my own concern alone, I ſhould ſay nothing, but eſcape as well as I could, but what will your Husband ſay, what excuſes can you make, to perſwade him this appointment came not from you.

Theſe words, and the Voice which was known to Madam *de Lionne*, made her

her reflect upon the reasonableness of what was said. What, is it you then, Monsieur *le* Duke, *said she*, what do you come here for? I won't deceive you, Madam, *answer'd he*, I did not look for you, no more than you expected me: And therefore give me leave to continue my Adventure, lest I interrupt yours, and 'tis after this fashion, people like us should live in this Age. The proposition was very honest, and reasonable, but whether she had a mind to make tryal of him, or whether the time that she expected the Count being Elapsed, it was insupportable to her to pass the night alone. No, no, Sir, *replyed she*, it shall not go as you imagine, I know it is my Daughter you would be at, but let it displease you both if it will, I shall nevertheless make use of the opportunity, since it has offer'd it self so kindly; in all likelyhood the Charm of the *Pulvillio* may be broken, and you must give me proofs of it this very instant.

After these words which were spoke in a very low Voice, lest any body should over-hear, she would have led him to her Chamber; but he not able to consent to the change, Ah, Madam,

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ſaid he, whilſt he was dragging along almoſt by force, I have promis'd Madam *de Cœuvres* to come to her, I dare not break my word, give me but only leave to go and diſengage my ſelf, and I will return immediately upon my word, and give you all manner of ſatisfaction. The Lady was not ſo credulous to truſt him; and as ſhe had try'd his ſtrength, and found it not ſufficient to be divided, ſhe would not by any means part with him; and he on his ſide continuing obſtinate, ſhe propos'd a medium, which was to go her ſelf, and fetch her Daughter. He accepted the propoſition, not being able to get out of her hands by any other means; but before ſhe went, ſhe conducted him to her Chamber, obliging him to go to bed, and promiſing to bring her Daughter, bidding him take care how he behaved himſelf, ſince he was to paſs that night between 'em. If the Duke had been too ſcrupulous, ſuch a propoſition would have ſtartled him, but he being a Courtier fear'd nothing of this nature; but anſwer'd, that he ſhould expect 'em with great impatience, and that it was a long time ſince he had made uſe of any *Pulvillio*. The Lady would have willingly made

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tryal at that moment if he ſpoke truth, but he not agreeing to it, ſhe went to fetch her Daughter, who was very devoutly waiting for the Duke. This made her not at all ſurpris'd to hear ſome body walking in her Anti-Chamber, but ſhe was very much ſtartled, when, inſtead of him, ſhe perceiv'd her Mother. Had not Madam *de Lionne* fear'd the loſing of time, ſhe would have ask'd her the occaſion of her ſitting up ſo late, and what ſhe was waiting for; but it being very dear to her, ſhe ask'd her no unprofitable queſtions. In fine, all the Complement was, that ſhe muſt come into her Chamber, for ſhe had ſomething of great conſequence to communicate to her.

Tho' the Command was poſitive, Madam *de Cœuvres*, affraid of loſing her appointment, endeavour'd to excuſe her ſelf; but her Mother deſiring her again, aſſuring her it was for her good, ſhe at laſt conſented; it was not nevertheleſs without extraordinary fear, for ſhe could not imagin any thing leſs, than the diſcovery of the whole affair, and 'twas certainly to give her ſome advice about her Conduct. Theſe thoughts, and the unſeaſonable hour of the night, made

made her follow her Mother in great ſilence and apprehenſion into her Chamber, where ſhe was very much ſurpris'd to find the Duke in Bed; ſhe was inwardly very angry with him, believing that he had ſacrific'd her, and was going to diſcharge her paſſion, when Madam *de Lionne*, who found the night advanc'd, and was unwilling to waſte the remaining part of it, told her as ſuccinctly as was poſſible, how ſhe had met with the Duke, and what they had agreed upon. This a little appeas'd the young Lady, and tho' ſhe was ſorry to be forc'd to part with a ſhare to her Mother, of what ſhe had all expected to her ſelf, ſhe lik'd it yet much better than to have found the Duke unfaithful. Yet ſhe made ſome difficulties before ſhe conſented to the propoſition; but Madam *de Lionne*, ſeeing the time conſum'd by 'em, threatning to ruin her if ſhe did not obey, and the Duke Courting her on the other ſide, ſhe undreſs'd her ſelf, half out of obedience, and half through inclination and deſire. Madam *de Lionne* was doing the ſame thing on her ſide, and both, expecting good Fortune that Night, were only in looſe Gowns, which were ſoon taken off, and

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one would have thonght a reward had been promis'd to those who should be first undrest, such haste did they seem to make.

Whilst this was passing within doors, the Bishop and Monsieur *de Lionne* were still playing the Sentinels without, tho' not with an equal concern, for tho' Mr. *de Lionne* was a man of Honour, and allarm'd by the Infamy the Bishop had discover'd to him, he suffer'd nothing in comparison of what was occasion'd by the Jealousie of the other. All his thoughts terminated in revenge, and had he been as much a Brother of the Blade as the Church, the Duke *de Saux* should have dyed by no other hand than his. Monsieur *de Lionne* being separated from him, for the reason I before told you, he had leasure to entertain himself with these thoughts, which sometimes flatter'd him, and at other times made him despair; and whilst he was in these Meditations, Monsieur *de Lionne*, who was advertis'd by his *Valet* of what he had seen, interrupted him, telling him his doubts were but too well grounded, for a man went into the House. Gods ——— swore the Bishop at the same time, and do you bear it so patiently,

patiently, as if the affront concern'd not you, as well as me. After he had given Mr. *de Lionne* this anſwer, he ask'd the *Valet* what he had ſeen, and he having inform'd him according to what I before mention'd, he again demanded of Mr. *de Lionne* if he would ſuffer an injury of that nature to go unpuniſh'd. I am of opinion it will be the beſt way, anſwer'd Mr. *de Lionne*, it muſt either be my Wife or my Daughter, and the leaſt noiſe that I make of it ruins all our Reputations. It will be more prudent to keep the Secret amongſt us three. I know the diſcretion of my *Valet*, and anſwer for his Fidelity. Mr. *de Lionne* could not in truth take better meaſures; but the Biſhop who was fir'd at every word, Gods——— ſaid he, ſwearing again like any Car-man, 'tis what you deſerve, ſince you can bear the Scandal ſo calmly; but it ſhall never be ſaid that I ſuffer it without reſentment, and as I am perſwaded the matter concerns my Niece, you will not be angry I hope if I have not the like tameneſs; at theſe words he bid the *Valet* who had the Key of a door which was only us'd in his Maſters Amorous Intrigues, to open it immediately, and

Mr. *de Lionnes* honour being touch'd, he follow'd him rather out of complaisance, than inclination.

The *Valet de Chambre* having observ'd after the Duke *de Saux* went over the wall what became of him, he had taken notice of the Management of the two Ladies, and knowing positively in what Chamber they were, he carry'd his Master and the Bishop directly thither, when *de Lionne* had fetch'd a double Key which he had to all the Apartments. The Duke and the two Ladies were so busily employ'd, that they heard not the door open, so that they were taken as *Mos's caught his Mare*. Madam *de Lionne* threw her self at her Husband's feet, promising she would never do so again whilst she liv'd. The Marchioness *de Cœuvres*, who was in no less confusion, knew not what to say for her self, but getting near the Bishop, who was for ruining all, Do not ruin my Reputation, said she, appease but my Father, and hide this from my Husband, and I promise you not to be ungrateful. Mr. *de Lionne* was so surpris'd at the novelty of the Frolick, that he said not one word. He thought himself a Cuckold, but to find a Spark between the Mother

ther and the Daughter, ſeem'd ſo ſtrange a thing to him, that he could not have more wondred, had the horns ſprouted out immediately on his forehead. All that he could ſay, was, unhappy Wife, unfortunate Daughter, to which they return'd no anſwer.

The Biſhops anger was in the mean time very much abated by thoſe golden promiſes, and eager in purſuit of 'em. I think, *ſays he coldly to Mr. de Lionne*, you had a great deal of reaſon when you advis'd us not to dive further into our infamy. The leſs noiſe the better in theſe matters, as you ſay, and if you will take my opinion let us proceed no farther, it is ſufficient that we know what we do, without acquainting the Town with it. This advice being conformable to Mr. *de Lionne*'s conceptions, was follow'd, ſo that the Duke had liberty to withdraw, and as brave as he was, he was not a little glad to ſee himſelf ſafe out of their hands. After this the Biſhop, under a pretence of correcting his Niece, led her to her Chamber, where demanding her promiſe, ſhe durſt not refuſe him, for fear he ſhould ruin her with her Husband, and the whole Family. And having obtain'd what

he desir'd, knowing she did it only out of fear, imagin'd she would quickly return to her first Affections; and to prevent it, he manag'd the affairs after that method with her Husband, that she was sent into the Country to a Seat of his, not far from the Bishops. This produc'd a good effect, for he recided more constantly than usual in his Dioceſs. This little Commerce lasted for a year or two, when affairs of State calling him out of the Kingdom, Ambition took the place of Love, and finish'd an Incest, the Marchioness would never have consented to, but in defence of her Reputation.

As for Madam *de Lionne*, her Husband not enduring the sight of her, confin'd her to a Religious house, which made the Publick censure, tho' no one doubted but it was for some Love Intrigue; For the Lady had the Reputation of being frail, in which the World was not deceiv'd; yet every one desiring to be assur'd of the report, the Duke *de Saux* took care to let them know it. He publish'd himself his own Adventure, chusing rather to be tax'd with indiscretion, than be depriv'd of the pleasure of talking. The noise of

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it being ſpread about *Paris*, the Adventure was found ſo new, that it was the ſubject of all Converſation for ſome time, which gave occaſion to one of the Court to make a Lampoon upon it.

And thus ends the Intrigue of the Duke *de Saux*, with Madam *de Lionne* and her Daughter. The firſt remaining in Religion whilſt her Husband liv'd, is become ſo old, that ſhe is forced to be contented with the Count *de Fieſque*, who out of neceſſity is oblig'd to paſs by many things which would not be agreeable to a more Critical Lover. As for the Daughter whether he has had ſome ſecret advice of her Intrigue, or whether ſhe be naturally unconſtant, ſhe ſeems not to be much concern'd at it, paſſing moſt of her time in the Country.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE MARESCHALLESS DE LA FERTE'.

LONDON,

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THE HISTORY OF THE Mareſchalleſs de la Ferté.

WHat I have told you of Madam *de Lionne*, ſhews a great condeſcention in one who had aſpired to Charm even the King; yet it is nothing in Compariſon of what I am going to relate concerning the Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferté*, who is my other Heroeſs; but one ſo Illuſtrious, that it would be difficult to find her fellow, ſhould you ſeek throughout *Paris*, which is nevertheleſs a Marvellous place for ſuch kind of Diſcoveries. However, ſhe was no ſooner thrown from the aſpiring hopes I have before mention'd, but ſhe began to en-

deavour to comfort her ſelf: And it ſeem'd not difficult, ſince he who made her forget ſo Charming an Idea, was not one of extraordinary merit. She was of a good Family, and the Mareſchal prov'd himſelf more couragious when he marry'd her, than he had before done by all the Warlike enterpriſes he had ever attempted. For ſhe muſt either have been chang'd at nurſe, or reſemble the reſt of her Relations who were ſo inclin'd: a fair Example whereof was to be ſeen in her Siſter the Counteſs *d'Olonne*, whom *Buſſy* has endeavoured to render famous to his Abilities, tho' he has very much fail'd in it. The Copy falling ſo ſhort of the Original. This Lady, tho' of an indifferent Beauty, and far beneath her Siſters, had nevertheleſs ſo good an Opinion of her ſelf, that ſhe thought it her right to Charm all the World. Her Husband the moſt brutal Man that ever was, not doubting but he had run a great riſque in marrying her, made her a Souldierly Compliment the day after the Wedding, by Heaven, Madam, *ſaid he*, now you are my Wife, and you do eſteem it I am confident no little fortune for you, but let me

adviſe

adviſe you in good time, that if you intend to reſemble your Siſter, and ſome other of your Relations of the ſame value, you will find it your ruin. The Lady who had taken his brutality during the Night for an exceſs of Love, was undeceiv'd at theſe Words, and as he paſs'd in the eſteem of the World, for one that would not ſuffer any raillery, ſhe for ſome time confin'd her ſelf, tho' not without offering great violence to her temper and inclinations.

The Employments he had in the war, occaſioning his abſence a great part of the year, afforded her many opportunities to deceive him. But he had taken ſuch care by placing thoſe near her who were carefully to obſerve her, that it was impoſſible for her to make one falſe ſtep without his knowledge. At his departure, he charg'd her not to ſee the Counteſs *d'Olonne*, fearing ſuch ill Company, together with her own conſtitution, of which he was now particularly acquainted, might aſſiſt to corrupt her. The Counteſs who knew of this Countermand, was concern'd to death at it, pretending that it injur'd her Reputation in the Opinion of the World

World, more than her own Conduct. And as Revenge is commonly the darling ſin of Women; ſhe could not reſt till ſhe had plac'd him in the ſame rank with her own Husband, that is, till ſhe had contriv'd a pair of Horns for him. Having diſcover'd her intentions in this to the Marqueſs of *Beuvron* who lov'd her, ſhe deſir'd him to render her that ſervice, in hopes, that being both handſom and witty, it would not be difficult for him to ſupplant a Jealous Coxcomb, who could never have pleas'd her Siſter any other way than by making her Fortune.

De Beuvron in this, was like the Duke *de Saux*, he had not been ſo nice to have ſcrupl'd the Inceſt, had the Lady pleas'd him; but imagining the propoſition was made to him only to get rid of him, and give a better opportunity to the Duke *de Candalle*, of whom he began to be jealous, he receiv'd it ſo ill, that the Counteſs ſoon perceiv'd, ſhe muſt addreſs her ſelf to another, if ſhe intended to proſper in her deſign. To rely upon one ſhe knew not in ſo critical an Affair, and was not aſſur'd of, was to run a great danger, and occaſion Diſcourſes which might

might not have been very agreeable; and as ſhe had not then abandon'd her ſelf to ſuch an infinite number as ſhe has ſince done, ſhe was very much troubled on whom to make choice; and in fine, after ſhe had very much thought of it, ſhe fixt upon her own Husband, in whom ſhe fancy'd, ſhe had heretofore obſerv'd ſome kind looks towards her Siſter, by which ſhe concluded her not indifferent to him; and beſides ſhe thought it not ill Policy to amuſe him with ſome engagement, that he might not pry ſo narrowly after her affairs. She was not at all deceiv'd in his inclinations, he would have willingly chang'd her for the Mareſchalleſs, tho' the gains had been but little by the bargain. But as he was neither witty nor handſom enough for the Conqueſt, 'twas in vain ſhe encouraged him to it, for he ſcarcely attempted it, tho' the Mareſchal who had forbid her the ſight of his Wife, had not laid the ſame injunction upon the Husband, which afforded him an opportunity of ſeeing her continually. The Counteſs (who knew what her Husband did, by the means of *Beavron*, who had found the ſecret to be as well receiv'd by him as by his Wife) finding

ing how little the affair was advanc'd, ſaw ſhe was forc'd once more to change the battery, and after ſhe had contemplated upon ſeveral ways and deſigns, ſhe at laſt had the good Fortune to fall upon one which ſhe concluded would anſwer the intent. She had obſerv'd whilſt ſhe viſited her Siſter, that there was a *Valet de Chambre*, who belong'd to her, perfectly well made, and who was not inſenſible of it, ſo that believing if ſhe could inſpire him with a deſign to make love to his Miſtreſs, to which his Age, and the opportunity would ſoon make him condeſcend, it might prove a ſucceſsful Expedient to ſignalize her revenge.

Ruminating upon this Affair, one morning ſhe ſent for the *Valet de Chambre*, and was very much pleas'd with his Wit, which was a neceſſary inſtrument in the forwarding this deſign. But what delighted her more, was, that the Boy, born of an honeſt Family, and forc'd by neceſſity to this Employment, would give her no account of his Birth; upon which ſhe grounded a cunning Stratagem, that ſerv'd her not a little upon this occaſion. For ſhe inſinuated into her Siſter, by the means of the Marqueſs

de Beuvron, that he was certainly ſome perſon of Quality, who being very much in love with her, had for that reaſon condeſcended to this diſguiſe. The Mareſchalleſs, who had not yet perhaps taken notice of his good Meen, look'd upon him after this with more attention; and finding him perfectly handſom, ſhe eaſily believing what ſhe deſir'd, ſoon receiv'd this Fable for truth. To be more aſſur'd of it, ſhe often ask'd him about his Country and Birth, but the ſame reaſons which oblig'd him to conceal 'em from Madam *d'Olonne* continuing ſtill, he was as reſerv'd to her, and ſhe explain'd his ſilence to his advantage.

The Marqueſs *de Beuvron*, who viſited her for no other reaſon but to diſcover her mind, found her very reſerv'd upon that point; for ſhe had conſider'd ſhe was oblig'd to put him off, ſhould ſhe ſeem to be perſwaded that he was a man of Quality; So ſhe turn'd it into raillery, but ſhe had to deal with a cunning *Normand*, who ſaw through the Vail notwithſtanding all her Artifice, and return'd to tell the Counteſs ſhe had knock'd the nail on the head. This diſcovery made the Counteſs ſend for the Boy a ſecond time, acquaint-

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ing him, that ſhe had perceiv'd her Siſter did not hate him, but bid him for his Lifes ſake, take ſuch care of his Conduct, that no body might obſerve it; telling him, that ſhe did not deſire him to deſiſt, ſince (if his Miſtreſs's temper inclin'd her to Love) ſhe might as well beſtow the favour upon him, as on another, whereby the Intrigue might make a greater noiſe in the World. That he ſhould be ſure to carry himſelf with all reſpect to her, and above all things take care not to undeceive her Siſter, in the opinion ſhe had conceiv'd of his being of a much better condition than he appear'd.

Tho' the Boy was aſtoniſh'd at the beginning of this Diſcourſe, he grew more aſſur'd at the end, and the Queſtions the Mareſchalleſs often ask'd him, making him preſume what he heard was true, he gave himſelf over to thoughts of Vanity, which were not inexcuſable in him. What they had told him ſeem'd no little happineſs to him. For not conſidering the Quality of his Miſtreſs, ſhe was extreamly Charming, tho' indifferently handſom; ſo that there were a thouſand finer Women, who yet were nothing ſo agreeable. To make himſelf

ſelf more amiable, he dreſs'd himſelf as clean and decently as he could; which together with the diligence he ſhew'd towards her, made the Mareſchalles ſoon believe that all ſhe thought of him was true. In fine, the opportunity he had to ſee her dreſs and undreſs her ſelf, in which ſhe more willingly employ'd him than others, made him fall ſo deeply in love with her, that it was eaſie to perceive, that Love is not always the Effect of Deſtiny.

The Mareſchalleſs was ſenſible thoſe aſſiduous Services he render'd her, proceeded from a more noble cauſe than that which generally influences Servants. And as ſhe confirm'd her ſelf more every day in the Opinion ſhe had conceiv'd that he was not of an obſcure Birth, ſhe was not ungrateful to the ſecret teſtimonies he gave her of his Paſſion. But yet that ſhe might have nothing to reproach her ſelf withal, forc'd him almoſt to tell her that he was a man of Quality; ſo that he ſeeing there was no other Obſtacle but this to his good Fortune, aſſum'd the name of a good Family in his Country, which the Mareſchalleſs, ſince ſhe ſo much deſir'd it, eaſily believ'd. He was not

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at all deceiv'd in the thoughts he had, that this would advance his Affairs. The Lady who thought it no disgrace to love so handsom a Youth, made such returns to his Passion, that it was difficult to determin on which part were the most violent inclinations, nevertheless for want of Confidence, he made her languish yet two Months in expectation of what she most desir'd; when that she might no longer be tortur'd with desire, she resolv'd to make him such advances, that it should be impossible for him to doubt any longer of the Joys he was invited to.

She had observ'd that he had a passionate Love for Hair, and desirous to raise his passion to the highest pitch, she had often suffer'd him to comb her head, tho' much to her cost, he being not very dextrous at it; the fire she perceiv'd sparkling in his Eyes, made her not complain of the inconvenience she endur'd by it, thinking that this would still encourage him. One morning when she was at her Toillette, she sent for him, pretending she had occasion for him to write some Letters. When he came, she bid her Servants retire, since she had some secret mat-

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ter to dictate to him; but presenting the Combs to him instead of a Pen, and saying many obliging things, he was pleas'd, and became as red as fire. This had been enough for one that had known the World, but he, who was afraid of being guilty of any disrespect that might occasion his discharge, had still continued so dull not to have profited by the opportunity, had not the Lady, who kindly interpreted his proceedings, forc'd him into her lap, where she made him so many advances, that he could no longer be in doubt of his good Fortune. At these signs he took Courage, and the Bed being not yet made, the half hour he remain'd with her, was so well employ'd, that she conceiv'd a great esteem of his merit. She wish'd that she might have yet enjoy'd an hour or two's entertainment with him, but being oblig'd to some measures, lest her Servants might suspect her, she made him fold up some sheets of paper as if they had been Letters, and recovering her self from the disorders which are inevitable in these Rencounters, she call'd for a Candle to seal the Letters.

This Intrigue was not suspected by any one, and if the Resentment which

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the Counteſs *d'Olonne* had conceiv'd againſt the Mareſchal, would have given her leave to have been leſs miſchievous, it might have long remain'd undiſcover'd. But her deſign being to torment him, ſhe had ſo narrowly obſerv'd 'em, that ſhe queſtion'd not the ſucceſs of her contrivances. She was every day confirm'd in this opinion by the different advice ſhe had from the Spys ſhe had engag'd to that purpoſe, and believing it now as an Article of Faith, ſhe no ſooner underſtood that the Mareſchal was to return from the Army, when ſhe made uſe of an unknown hand to acquaint him with this diſagreeable news. He receiv'd the Letter upon his departure, and finding no name to it, and the Character unknown to him, he at firſt imagin'd it for a Jeſt put upon him. Nevertheleſs being of a jealous nature, he reſolv'd to benefit by the Advice, and to obſerve both their Conducts ſo exactly, that it ſhould be impoſſible for any thing to paſs undiſcern'd.

With theſe thoughts he arriv'd at *Paris*, and diſſimulation being neceſſary, he us'd his Wife with ſo much tenderneſs, that it was impoſſible to divine his intentions, thinking him ſo far from ſuſpicion,

ſuſpicion, ſhs us'd no conſtraint to her Favourite, but treated him with the ſame freedom, as in the Mareſchals abſence.

The poor Cuckold ſoon perceiv'd the Intrigue, and was more politick then could be imagin'd, for tho' he was brutality it ſelf, as I have before ſaid, he took the readieſt courſe to ſecure his revenge by ſhewing no miſtruſt of it, which ſo far deceiv'd his Wife, that there often paſs'd thoſe things before him, which made him not queſtion his being of the Brotherhood. His reſentment was not the leſs for being conceal'd, on the contrary, it diſturb'd his quiet both Night and Day; which afforded no little joy to the Counteſs, *d'Olonne*, who was ſo clear ſighted to diſcern through all his falſe diſguiſes, he ſuffer'd all the torture ſhe could wiſh him. For ſhe not only knew that he retain'd people to watch the Mareſchalleſs, but had alſo bargain'd with 'em to aſſaſſinate the *Valet*.

This was indeed his firſt deſign, but reflecting that ſuch kind of people, ſubject to many accidents, might one day accuſe him, broke it off to follow juſter meaſures. The Counteſs *d'Olonne* who

who diſcover'd every day more of his diſcontent and inquietude, could not forbear triumphing at it, which ſhews that a Woman may be at the ſame time engag'd in two violent Paſſions, for both the deſire of revenge, and the care of making Love, were to be perceiv'd in her of an equal degree.

The Marqueſs of *Beuvron*, was ſtill her Gallant, but being forc'd to ſhare his good Fortune amongſt many of all ſorts of Conditions, he grew concern'd at it; and to revenge himſelf, acquainted the Mareſchalleſs with the trick her Siſter had play'd her. It is eaſie to imagine, what anger and trouble was inkindled at this news, and you may judge of it by her reſolutions: for tho' her paſſion for her Favourite was not indifferent, as well as her inclinations to debauchery, being more concern'd for her Life, ſhe broke off all Commerce with him, and would have him be gone out of the Houſe. Several hints had preceded ſo ſurpriſing a Declaration, that he might eſteem the thing leſs grievous. And ſhe alſo told him of the notice ſhe had receiv'd, to ſhew him that nothing but neceſſity could oblige her to it; but whether he took all this for

for pretence, or whether his Deſtiny drew him to the Precipice from which he ſoon after fell, he deſir'd eight days time to reſolve in; which ſhe not being able to refuſe, he had in that time diſcover'd he was to be turn'd away, which coming to the Mareſchal's Ears, he receiv'd him from his Wife's, into his own Service, leſt his retreat ſhould free him from the revenge he was meditating againſt him.

The hopes that the *Valet* had that his preſence might revive thoſe Flames that had been ſo agreeable to him, made him accept the offer, without acquainting the Mareſchalleſs; when ſhe knew of it, ſhe was ready to dye with grief, for ſhe thought, when he was gone, ſhe ſhould ſoon forget what was paſs'd, and that her Husband not knowing the depth of the Intrigue, would by degrees be free'd from the jealouſie he had conceiv'd. The Mareſchal, to aſſure his revenge look'd kinder upon this new Comer than on his antient Servants, and employing him before the others, incenſibly drew him to that Precipice that was his deſtruction; For taking a Journey not long after this, towards his Government of *Lorain*, he

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by the way Aſſaſſinated him with his own hand, that no one might know what was become of him, it happen'd after this manner. He pretended to have made a ſmall Love Intrigue, and went thither two or three times, accompany'd only with this *Valet*, which had ſpread ſuch a Jealouſie amongſt the reſt of the Servants, that they thought he alone had now the benefit of his Maſters Ear. But as he was travelling one day, he bid him alight to mend ſomething about his Stirrup, and firing a Piſtol at his head, the Fellow dropt down dead upon the place. When he had perform'd this noble Action, he went to *Nancy*, where counterfeiting a trouble to know what was become of his Servant, whom he pretended to have ſent on ſome buſineſs, the Fate of the poor Wretch was at length diſcover'd to him by ſome wandring Parties. The Garriſon of *Luxenburgh*, having at this time ſent Parties abroad, this Murder was attributed to them, and the Mareſchal ſeem'd to be ſo incens'd at it, that he commanded a Village in that Dutchy to be burnt, tho' it was then under Contribution.

As there was not any perſon who knew

knew any reaſon he had to be diſpleas'd with this Servant, ſo they could not lay this ill Action to his Charge; and even his Wife believ'd that the reports concerning his Death were true; ſhe had almoſt forgot him ſince his departure, ſo that ſhe was not very much afflicted to be thus rid of him. Yet her joy for it laſted not long, the Marqueſs *de Beuvron*, who was as I have ſaid, a cunning *Normand*, having perfectly inform'd himſelf of all the Circumſtances in this murder, found out the truth, and told Madam *d'Olonne*, with whom he was reconcil'd, that her Siſter was in no little danger, and they ſhould do well to advertiſe her of it. When Madam *d'Olonne* had reflected upon the thing, ſhe made no doubt but he was in the right, charging him to inform her of it immediately; he went and found her dreſs'd, for imagining ſhe had nothing now to fear, ſhe thought of nothing but engaging a freſh Lover.

The Marqueſs, fraught with this ill news, had ſet his face in the form he thought moſt ſuitable to this melancholy tale, which the Mareſchalleſs obſerving, told him with a gay air, now indeed

ſhe found he was in Love, for it perfectly appear'd in his face. That may be, Madam, *replyed Beuvron*, and who can defend themſelves from it; but let me aſſure you that what appears there now, proceeds not from that cauſe, but is rather an effect of Friendſhip, for altho' it is not very Courtly for me to tell you I am not in Love with you, yet nevertheleſs upon my Word, I am not leſs diſquieted for what concerns you. Hereupon he told her what had paſs'd in the Army; which the Mareſchalleſs contradicting, boy'd up by her thoughts that things were in a better frame, he quickly ſo undeceiv'd her, that ſhe was thrown into a very uneaſie concern, had ſhe known that all this miſchief proceeded from her Siſter, ſhe would never have forgiven her, but far from the thoughts of it, ſhe told *Beuvron* that ſhe knew not what to do in this extremity, deſiring his advice, whom ſhe imagin'd, ſince he had ſome intereſt in the Family, would be glad to oblige her.

'Twas eaſier to make theſe Compliments upon this occaſion, than to give ſound advice, yet *Beuvron*, to ſhew himſelf a Man of Parts, propos'd ſeveral things

things to her, and ſhe fix'd upon one which was to be of ſo reſerv'd a Conduct in her Husbands abſence, that what opinion ſoever he had of her, he could not but believe ſhe had now a deſign to change her courſe of life; this oblig'd her to diſperſe a company of young people drawn thither and increas'd by a gay freedom which coſt her much pains to be rid off. Some few of the leſt dangerous only continued, and amongſt 'em the Count *d'Olonne*, who encouraged by his Wife, as I have ſaid before, was grown ſo much in love, that he reſted neither day nor night.

The private Converſations that the Marqueſs *de Beuvron* had with her, diſcovering ſome Beauties to him, which he had not obſerv'd whilſt he was in love with her Siſter; he began now to ſee her rather out of Inclination than neceſſity, and as his experience in the World had taught him that ſo much time was loſt, as was ſpent with a Lady without acquainting her with his Sentiments. Madam, *ſays he one day*, I have hitherto endeavoured to render you ſervice without hopes of a return, and the reaſon of it was, that not having the honour to ſee you often, I

had only a ſlight knowledge of your merit, but ſince I have had the happineſs to converſe with you frequently, it has given me an opportunity to diſcern ſome Excellencies, that are rarely to be met withal, and I muſt confeſs to you, I ſhould be guilty of a falſity, ſhould I ſay I did not love you: I know, Madam, you will tell me that I love Madam *d'Olonne*, that is true, or to ſpeak more properly, was true heretofore, but the time is now paſs'd, neither am I to be branded with inconſtancy; ſhe has given me reaſon enough to diſengage my ſelf by her unfaithfulneſs, not to mention how lawful an Excuſe, a perſon like you is, for any alteration of Paſſion.

This Compliment was not diſpleaſing to the Lady, tho' the maker of it had but ſome few days before, given her advice very contrary to it. For beſides the pleaſure a Woman always takes to hear you are in love with her, ſhe had a ſecret envy to her Siſter, who had mean thoughts of her beauty; ſo that ſhe could not more convince her, how much ſhe was miſtaken in her opinion, than by robbing her of one who had long lov'd her, and ſerv'd her as a ſecond Husband. Theſe

These Reasons, with some others which I shall not mention, made her return as soft an answer to *Beuvron* as he could wish, for, without so much as seeming not to believe what he said, she only mention'd the difficulty he would have to forget her Sister, and the fear she stood in of her Husband. To one part he answered her, that the Mareschal would be less jealous of him than any, since, believing him (with the rest of the World) so extreamly inamour'd with Madam *d'Olonne*, if the report of it should come to his Ears, he would be the last that could believe it; and for the other, she must take him either for a Man of a very low Spirit, or a blind dotard, that after so remarkable a Conduct as the Countess's, his Passion should continue for her; that he was by Nature Constant, but not insensible; that to confess the truth, 'twas indignation began the disengagement, but the Passion he had for her that perfected it; that truly her features were not so regular as her Sisters, but the least of her Charms and good Qualities gave her much the advantage of her.

This was a great deal to be believ'd; for the Counteſs was without diſpute one of the fineſt Women in *France*. But *Beuvron* accompanying his Diſcourſe with ſome Actions which prov'd he was truely concern'd, it was ſufficient to perſwade the Lady, who, as I have already ſaid, had a good opinion of her ſelf, that he was very much in love, ſo that not wanting deſire, and he ſeeming to her handſom enough to take the *Valet de Chambre*'s place, ſhe made no other pretenſes to ſhew ſhe doubted of his Diſcourſe: But on the contrary, told him what obligations ſhe had to him for his good advice, that if ſhe ſhould happen to condeſcend too eaſily, he might attribute it to her acknowledgement. The Marqueſs *de Beuvron*, who knew how to live, very well underſtood the meaning of this, and not ſuffering the Diſcourſe to range any farther, with fury arriv'd at the greateſt Bliſs.

The Lady found him a good actor in the Comedy they had been playing together, which his Barbary ſhape and looſe air, could not make her believe. But his Hair which was black, ſuppl'y'd the defects, and the Lady appear'd to him

him ſo engageing, that he could not but perform ſomething extraordinary for her ſervice. She ask'd him which (meaning ſhe or her Siſter,) afforded him the moſt raviſhing tranſports, and and the Intrigue being ſo publick, that every body knew of it, he thought it would be diſobliging to deny it, and laying aſide his diſcretion, freely confeſſed, her ſelf without Compariſon: She ſeem'd not to believe him, pretending his Raptures did not appear to her violent enough, but this was only to give him the opportunity to begin again; which he perceiving, acquitted himſelf ſo well of his Duty, that ſhe was forc'd to confeſs that if he did not love her, his treatment to her had very much the appearances of it.

This enterview being paſs'd in this manner, we may eaſily imagine they parted good Friends, and with an intention to ſee each other at the firſt opportunity; in fine, they had ſeveral Meetings without the leaſt ſuſpicion of harm, ſo unalterably fix'd to her Siſter was he generally imagin'd, but yet the Count *d'Olonne* was not deceiv'd, which was a wonder, ſince he was reputed no great Conjurer. This poor Cuckold

not to be the only one without a Miſtreſs, had endeavoured to gain the Mareſchalleſs's favour, and as the Jealous have Eyes that ſee through all things, he, who did not ſo much as miſtruſt his Wife's deportment, was ſo aſſur'd of the falſeneſs of his Miſtreſs, that he was reſolv'd to quarrel with *Beuvron* about it. Who could have believ'd him of ſuch dangerous Reſolutions, who us'd to entertain as a maxim, that he who drew his Sword, ſhould periſh by the Sword? neither would he ever engage in the perillous trade of War; and tho' his Father had bought him a conſiderable Employment, he being oblig'd by it on ſome occaſions to get on Horſeback for the King's Service, he ſoon thought fit to part with it. Neither was his Rival much unlike him in his temper, for which reaſon he had procur'd an Employment, that was not more dangerous in War than peace, each being of the beſt Families in *France*, which had heretofore produc'd conſiderable Hero's.

D'Olonne therefore knowing that he had to do with one that was not more miſchievous than himſelf, was the more willing to quarrel with him, and *in*

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ſo furious a manner, that nothing leſs than cutting of throats was expected, in effect there was enough paſs'd between 'em, to have occaſion'd unpardonable feuds in others; but the noiſe of their quarrel being ſpread all over *Paris*, their Friends endeavoured to reconcile 'em, but could never ſucceed; they ſtill grew the more violent; which the peace-makers perceiving, left them at liberty, not apprehending any great danger was likely to enſue. Neither were they deceiv'd, for when they found the Bridle was on their necks, they began to think they were in the wrong, not to take their Friends advice, which made it not difficult for Madam *d'Olonne*, who was afraid of loſing *Beuvron*, to Counſel her Husband not to venture himſelf ſo raſhly; ſo that without entring into particulars, ſhe made 'em promiſe to be Friends. To this purpoſe, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would treat 'em both with a Supper in her Apartment, and *d'Olonne* conſented to it, hoping in her preſence he might caſt ſome reflections upon *Beuvron*, whom he thought was too aſſiduous with her, and he muſt have been ſtark blind not to perceive there was a great intimacy betwixt 'em.

Thoſe who knew of their quarrel, imagin'd ſhe was the occaſion of it, but when they found her the Mareſchal of *France*, that is the reconciler, they knew not what to think. *Beuvron* being at the Rendezvous, *d'Olonné* told his Wife the whole truth of the Quarrel, pretending he could not ſee him attempt the diſhonour of his Siſter and not reſent it; this I'll aſſure you was no ſwall Stratagem for him, who was reported to be guilty of but few in his own affairs; but yet it availed nothing with her, for ſhe imagin'd, as it was true, that he was in Love himſelf with her Siſter, and that Jealouſie only had the power to draw him to this violence. This anſwer'd not the intent of the Husband, who would have had her quarrell'd with *Beuvron* for his infidelity, and for that reaſon had conſented to the accommodation; ſhe was as jealous as another, but ſhe believ'd her Husband had taken a falſe allarm; and what confirm'd her in this Opinion was, that ſhe had her ſelf commanded *Beuvron* to ſee her Siſter privately, which ſhe thought the occaſion of all this diſorder.

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This happen'd whilſt the King was young, and but little of his adroitneſs either in War or Love had yet appear'd; but as he had the inclinations of a great Prince, of all the Women about Court theſe two Siſters were the leaſt in his eſteem, and he could not forbear to ſay one day, ſpeaking of the Counteſs *d'Olonne*, that ſhe was a ſhame to her Sex, and that her Siſter was going the way to be little better. In effect finding her Husband more tractable at his return than ſhe could hope, ſhe ſtopped not at the Marqueſs *de Beuvron*, but aſſociated with him many Comrades of all ſorts. The Church, the Law, and the Sword, was equally well receiv'd by her, and not contented with theſe three States, ſhe made a Favourite of a fourth. Thoſe who were concern'd in the Revenue pleas'd her extreamly. and having a great inclination for Play, many believ'd her Intereſt engag'd her to it.

The Marqueſs *de Beuvron* believing himſelf handſom enough to be happy, was not contented with the leavings of ſo many; and Madam *d'Olonne* being not more faithful to him, he not only reſolved to ſee neither of 'em, but alſo

alſo to ruin their Reputations in the World. As he durſt not brag publickly to have lain with two Siſters, he gave 'em to underſtand he had enjoy'd that happineſs with one, and that it was only his own fault that he had not arriv'd to it with the other. Thoſe who knew 'em both, had no hardſhip to believe it, but many believing it was malice that occaſion'd his railing, the injury he thought to do their Reputations, excited only in them a curioſity to ſee ſuch remarkable Ladies.

It was no wonder that the Count *d'Olonne* ſhould be ſo accuſtom'd to his Wifes receiving Viſits, ſince his Houſe had never ſince his marriage been free from people of all conditions. But that the Mareſchal *de la Ferté* ſhould ſuffer it, was not to be comprehended; eſpecially when he had made her ſo Cavalier a Complement the day after his Wedding, and upon a bare ſuſpicion had himſelf aſſaſſinated his *Valet de Chambre*. 'Tis ſtrange that after theſe actions he ſhould ever pardon her, but it was for a Reaſon not generally known, and which I am going to relate. The Mareſchal, as brutal as he was, fell ſometimes in Love, and the Marqueſs

Marqueſs *de Beuvron*, whoſe Intrigue then continu'd, had, to put him in good Humour at his return from *Normandy*, taken as pretty a Girl as any in *Paris*, out of a publick Houſe, and plac'd her here, that ſhe might punctually perform what he deſired. The Mareſchal was no ſooner returned, but he began to be taken with her, ſhe was ſo handſom, and of ſo good a ſhape, that it was not ſtrange he ſhould fall into her Nets. He look'd very much upon her, and believing her as vertuous as ſhe affected to appear, it was not long before he made her an offer of his Heart. She at firſt refuſed it, and his paſſion was ſo enflam'd by the denyal, that he openly Courted her. his Wife to puſh on the deſign, pretended to be offended at it, but he deſiſted not for this, neither car'd ſhe much, for what ſhe did, was only to make him believe he was not indifferent to her.

When the *Veſtal* had perform'd all the little tricks ſhe thought neceſſary to force him into the better opinion of her Perſon, ſhe yielded to his deſires; and tho' the Mareſchal's fortune in it was not extraordinary, he was nevertheleſs

vertheleſs ſo charm'd with it, that he could no longer live without her. She performed her duty towards him very well, by following the orders were given her: And ſhe took great care to entertain him with the Vertue of the Mareſchalleſs, under the pretext that having a Wife ſo commendable in all things, the Paſſion he had for her would no doubt be quickly expir'd. It was not the Mareſchalleſs or *Beuvron*'s deſign that ſhe ſhould proceed as far, for they had above all things, recommended to her to be prudent; but they found they were miſtaken, when they relyed upon ſuch a one as ſhe was, and were afraid leſt, inſtead of the Service they thought to reap by it, (ſhe having gone beyond their Commands) their affairs might be rendered worſe, by diſcoveting the ſecret, to prevent the worſt, he caus'd her one day to be taken away by ſtealth, and carry'd her to *Rouen*, from whence he ſent her to *America*.

The Mareſchal made a great noiſe about it, and attributed it to his Wife's Jealouſie, which ſhe did not at all deny. This occaſion'd a breach for ſome time,

time, but the Mareſchal's love fit being over, he was reconcil'd to her, and the Friendſhip he ſhew'd her, was ſo much the more ſincere, as he believ'd a Woman capable of ſo much jealouſie, could by no means be unfaithful to him. By this means ſhe regain'd his Confidence in her, which made the Town, not ſo eaſie to be abus'd as the Mareſchal, conclude that it is in a Womans power to tame the moſt ſavage Beaſt. In fine, he ſuffer'd her not only to ſee all ſorts of Company under the pretence of Play, which ſhe introduc'd at home; but alſo furniſh'd her with all the money he could procure, whilſt his Creditors at *Paris* were clamouring after him for the money he ow'd 'em.

At this permiſſion to ſee Company her heart was overjoy'd. All the youth of the Court paſs'd through her hands, whilſt the Counteſs *d'Olonne*, old, and deſpis'd, was forc'd to retrench her ſelf to *Feruaques*, who had no other good qualities but that of being rich, and of the ſame name with one who had been a Mareſchal of *France*. He was of a good Family on his Mothers ſide, but very mean on his Fathers;

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ſo that ſhe us'd him ſo ſcurvily, as if the refuſe of the whole World had been too good for him; and ſeeming to be aſhamed of the Amour, ſhe who had never taken any meaſures in debauchery, made it be publickly reported that ſhe ſaw him for no other reaſon, but to endeavour to marry him to her Niece, Mademoiſelle *de la Ferté*, who was not very rich, and would by this means have her neceſſity ſupply'd, and to blind the people more, ſhe made him buy the Government of the Province *du Main*, declaring it was for no other reaſon than that her Niece might have a Husband of ſome rank. But being quickly tir'd with theſe Contrivances, they took lodgings together, and his Relations were afraid, leſt he ſhould be guilty of the Folly to marry her, in caſe her Husband ſhould dye. Madam *de Bonelle*, his Mother, was moſt allarm'd at it, proteſting, that ſhe ſhould never be at quiet if this ſhould happen. This was told again to Madam *d'Olonne*, who not conſidering *Fernaques*'s innocence, let her reſentment fall upon him. She ask'd him if he was the occaſion of theſe falſe reports, and if he was vain enough to believe that ſhe would

would marry him, ſhould ſhe be a Widow. *Feruaques* was concern'd at this ſlight, and returning an anſwer which did not pleaſe her, ſhe took the Tongs and pinch'd him by the face; he pay'd her ſo much reſpect, that he only ask'd her what ſhe was doing, and whether ſhe had well conſidered of it? So Sottiſh a queſtion deſerv'd a freſh puniſhment, ſo that believing him a greater Fool than before, ſhe continu'd to uſe him ſo ill, that he was much diſfigur'd, and durſt not ſtir out for eight days.

Madam de *Bonnelle* being acquainted (by what means I know not) with this Adventure, was ready to run mad; and had ſhe brought the Eſtate, ſhe would have certainly given it all to her other Son *Bullion*. But nevertheleſs ſhe thought it neceſſary to remind *Feruaques* of his Honour, and having not ſeen him ſince he lodg'd with her, ſhe ſent her Woman to ſpeak with him. Madam *d'Olonne* was by chance going forth as ſhe came in, and Madam *de Bonelle* bidding her Servant take no notice of her, in caſe ſhe ſhould meet her, ſhe fairly paſs'd on without making any obeyſance. The Counteſs

d'Olonne

d'Olonne knew her, and not queſtioning but what ſhe did was by Command; 'tis thus ſays ſhe aloud, that ill bred people inſtruct their Sevants, and if I did my ſelf Juſtice, I ſhould have you corrected for it. The Woman heard plainly what ſhe ſaid, and being not aſſur'd but ſhe might be as good as her Word, ſhe was ſorry ſhe had ſo punctually executed her Miſtreſſes command. But the Lady going on after theſe Words, ſhe continu'd her way alſo, and acquitted her ſelf of her Meſſage. She found *Feruaques* with his head bound his face black and blue, and one of his Eyes almoſt put out; and being an antient Servant, who us'd to ſpeak freely to him, are you not aſham'd? ſays ſhe, and can you think of the condition you are in, without bluſhing? He would have diſſembled the occaſion, but when the Woman ſaid the whole ſtory was ſufficiently known, he was very much confus'd at it, but yet he would not conſent to what ſhe deſired, which was to leave Madam *d'Olonne*, and oblige his Mother who was dying with grief at it.

'Twas

'Twas not ill Fortune to an Elderly Lady, as the Counteſs was, to have the enjoyment of a Lover young and rich, but yet ſhe fell far ſhort of her Siſter, who after ſhe had taſted of all the Court, and even her Brother in Law, was ſo lucky to engage a young Prince of great Merit, the Duke of *Longueville*, Nephew to the Prince of *Condée*. He was not yet twenty, but being very handſom, and of a ſhape that promiſed great pleaſures; there was no Woman about Court, who had not made ſome attempt upon his Heart. The Mareſchalleſs, who if I may ſay ſo, was continually beating up Volunteers for Love, queſtioning her Reputation, and therefore doubtful of her happineſs, was ſecretly ſighing to ſee ſo noble a Conqueſt ſcape her. *De Fieſque* was her Friend, tho' not of that kind that had aſpir'd to enjoy her, ſo that ſhe imagin'd ſhe might freely open her heart to him, and not occaſion Jealouſie. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, *ſaid ſhe*, that I hear ſuch Commendations of the Duke of *Longueville*, and that I have no acquaintance with him. He viſits every body but me, and ſome Women are much happier then others;

others; I know a thouſand that he goes to ſee, who without vanity, are no better than my ſelf, and to tell you the truth, my dear Count, it torments me to ſee him in their Company, either at the *Thuilleries*, or other publick divertiſements, whilſt I have only the civility of a Hat. *de Fieſque*, who was complaiſance it ſelf, told her ſhe had reaſon and ought to be much concern'd at it, and when he had told her ſeveral things in advantage of her Beauty, and Wit, to perſwade her ſhe had a right to pretend to this Conqueſt. What would you have me ſay, continued he, ſometimes your conduct is irregular, and if I may ſpeak ſincerely, every one is not of your humour. The Duke receives me as his Friend, and as one of his moſt intimate, ſo that he has been ſo free as to diſcover his Heart to me, and was I not afraid that it would be diſagreeable to you, I would tell you what he ſays of you. At theſe words the Mareſchalleſs bluſh'd, but being deſirous that this Intrigue ſhould be driven to a happy concluſion; ſhe would bear with ſome ungrateful truths, in hopes they might be uſeful to her. She therefore conjur'd him to conceal

nothing

nothing from her, ſaying, ſhe would be ſo far from taking it ill, that ſhe was angry with him for not diſcovering it to her ſooner, and that that reſerve was an Argument he was not ſo good a Friend as ſhe had always eſteem'd him, but if he did not inſtantly repair the Fault, ſhe would never forgive him.

De Fieſque finding by her concern, that it would oblige her to ſpeak freely, told her that the Duke thought it not well that ſhe receiv'd ſo much Company: That he had ſeveral times confeſs'd to him, that he found her handſome, neither could ſhe be more agreeable in his Eye, but ſo great a reſort to her was intollerable; neither could he believe ſhe lov'd the Count *d'Olonne* as was reported, without extreamly leſſening the eſteem he had for her; ſaying amongſt other things, that to love ſo ridiculous a Man as the Count, muſt be a Sign of perfect debauchery. That if ſhe had any deſign upon the Duke, ſhe muſt begin it with the reformation of her Conduct. That to do her ſervice, he would be ſure to let him know it was for his ſake, ſo that the ill Impreſſions he had of her wear-

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ing off by degrees, his Esteem for her would encrease, which would certainly produce all she could wish or hope.

The Duke had taken such possession of her heart, that she could not refuse the offer. She thank'd *de Fiesque* for his good advice, and, not endeavouring to find how much of what he said was Complement, she seem'd perswaded of the truth, and was only uneasie to know, if in case she should refuse all Company, it would give a satisfaction to his Friend. The Count told her she had no reason to doubt of it, and that he for his part would take care to perswade him, that a Woman who was capable of doing, without an acquaintance, so much for his sake, would perform any thing when he should return an acknowledgment.

'Twas thus that the Mareschalless, by the necessities of her temper, overturn'd the Laws of Nature; for, not considering that 'twas the Woman's part to expect the Courtship from the Man, it is evident, that she first made Love to the Duke of *Longueville*. The Count *de Fiesque*, who believ'd she would

would find it very difficult to discharge so many favourites for the sake and enjoyment of one, mention'd nothing at first, of this Conversation to the Duke; but when he found she began in earnest to effect her Promise, and had parted with the Count *d'Olonne*, the Marquess *Deffiat*, and many more too tedious to name; he thought himself oblig'd to perform his promise. The Duke *de Longueville*, when he had known what pass'd, was glad she had taken this Course, for it would have otherwise been impossible for him to love her; that now since all obstacles were remov'd, he consented to visit her, desiring him to acquaint her he would come to see her in the Afternoon, and that he should be a witness of their first Conversation. The Count did what he could to excuse himself, telling him that a third person made but an ill figure at such interviews, but the Duke desiring it for several reasons; first, because he would have one who was a Friend to both present, to witness upon what conditions they loved; and in the second place, not being in a condition to perform the promises he might make, he should be sure

of

of an Excuſe to defer the Payment to a more favourable opportunity.

In fine, too much health had occaſioned his ſickneſs, for frequenting too often ſome brisk Ladies about Court, he was forc'd to retire from theirs, to put himſelf into the Chirurgeons hands. *De Fieſque* ſeeing he would have it ſo, was oblig'd to condeſcend, and having acquainted the Lady of the viſit, ſhe dreſs'd her ſelf extraordinary fine to receive him. But the Duke on the contrary, was in a courſe Suit of gray Cloth, tho' he did not appear the leſs Charming to the Lady for his negligence. So that eager to content her deſires, ſhe was ſorry he had brought the Count *de Fieſque* with him, fearing by it leſt his expectations were not ſo paſſionate as hers. The Duke after the firſt Compliments, told her that having heard from his Friend how much he was oblig'd to her, he came not only to return her thanks, but to Vow an eternal Friendſhip for her. That it ſhould be her fault, if they did not love as long as they liv'd, and 'twas for that reaſon he had brought the Count, that he might reproach him with his falſeneſs, if he ſhould ever

ever be worſe than his engagement. That he would never ſee Mademoiſelle *de Fienne* any more, to whom he was thought a Friend, but would leave her to the Chevalier *de Lorain*, her rightful Patron, and would perform the ſame to all the reſt of the Ladies that were ſuſpected, and ſhe had only to advertiſe him if there was any one ſhe would not have him ſee. But he requir'd, that ſhe ſhould for her part, promiſe the ſame thing concerning thoſe he ſhould be jealous of; adding that he was ſo critical, that it was impoſſible for him to perceive any thing of that nature, and not have a quarrel with her for ever about it.

The Count *de Fieſque*, who was a mediator on this occaſion, ſaid, that it was too reſonable, and the Mareſchaleſs too juſt to oppoſe it. And in effect, ſhe was ſo far from contradicting it, that with the greateſt ſatisfaction ſhe ſeem'd to wiſh all miſchief might happen unto her, if ſhe would not do any thing for the poſſeſſion of ſo illuſtrious a heart. The bargain thus concluded, without more Ceremony, he kiſs'd her hand, in token of the Friendſhip he had vow'd to her; when

ſhe, who thought thoſe earneſts not ſufficient, threw her arms about his neck, and gave him a thouſand amorous kiſſes: Had not the Prince been indiſpos'd, his temper had been too acknowledging to have omitted a ſuitable anſwer. But knowing that it was not in this Diſtemper, that a hair of the ſame Dog was to be taken for a Remedy; he broke off the entertainment as ſoon as he could, upon promiſe to return alone the next day. But as it was impoſſible for him to make his Court in the right method, without occaſioning both their Repentance, he pretended to be ſick, which afforded him time to prepare for the Combat ſhe expected.

The Viſit he made her allarm'd the diſcarded Lovers, and not any of 'em doubted but it was to him, they were ſacrific'd. Yet no other following of ſome time, it a little amus'd 'em, I mean upon his account, for having the ſame ill treatment continued to them, they were not the leſs unhappy; for their jealouſie, changing only the Object, furniſh'd 'em with reaſon enough to be diſcontented. *D'Olonne*, who had beſtow'd much money in purchaſing her

good

good favour, whether he regretted it, or was sorry to be depriv'd of the pleasure, accus'd the Marquess *de Deffiat* as the reason; and reported about, that he would be even with him; and to prove that he intended to be a man of his word, he hir'd some Bravo's to accompany him, and well arm'd, marched round the *Hotel de la Ferté*, swearing that if they found him there, he should not return as he came. *Deffiat*, altho' the younger, shew'd himself the wiser in this matter, telling those who acquainted him with these extravagancies, that he would have nothing to do with an old Cuckold: That he seem'd to be angry, suspecting he had robb'd him of his Mistresses heart, but he had a better opinion of the Lady, than to imagin she would continue a League with such a sort of a Man, when there were a thousand more deserving at her devotion.

I know not whether this discourse was carryed to the Count *d'Olonne*, but his resentment terminated in railing at the Mareschalless: And meeting her one day at a Lady's House of her acquaintance, he reproach'd her with it, and told her she had not al-

ways treated him with ſuch indifference. The Mareſchalleſs, willing that her Friend ſhould be deceiv'd in the fault imputed to her, with a great preſence of mind, anſwer'd, There is no great reaſon to wonder, Sir, I us'd you as my Brother-in-Law, whilſt you gave good uſage to my Siſter, but ſince ſhe has ſuch ill treatment from you, I know no obligation that claims a greater acknowledgment from my ſelf. Theſe words would bear an interpretation, that her diſreſpect proceeded from his ſeparation from his Wife, and was the firſt who ſpoke ill of her, and this was the explication the Mareſchalleſs hop'd the Lady would give 'em; but *d'Olonne* was too much concern'd to ſuffer it, and that the Lady might not be deceiv'd, No no, Madam, *ſaid he*, leave your Banters, they are too groſs to paſs upon the Lady. I ſpeak not of your Siſter, but your ſelf, to whom I have given ten thouſand Piſtols, in hopes you would be faithful to me, but I find I am not happier either as a Husband, or a Gallant, which I owe to my curſed Fate that drew me to addreſs my ſelf to your Family.

Theſe

These words, follow'd with some other reproaches, put the Mareschalless into a great Confusion, who thinking her Tears would perswade her Friend of her innocence, having the command of them when she pleas'd, so plentiful a Shower fell, that would have mov'd pity in any one who had not known she had been so admirable a Comedian when she pleas'd; in the mean time her friend, seeming to be perswaded of the untruth, extreamly blam'd the Count *d'Olonne*, who on his side thinking her in earnest, swore a thousand Oaths to justifie the truth of what he affirm'd: She answer'd, she could never believe it; but if it was so, the baser Man was he to boast of things of that nature.

When *d'Olonne* had vented his anger, he withdrew, and the Mareschalless swore after he was gone, that she would acquaint her Husband with it; but she never intended it. A severe fit of the Gout had long confin'd him to his Bed, and he was ignorant of the life she had led for a time.

His indisposition was the reason that he could not perceive the Intrigue between his Wife and the Duke of

Longueville, who was recovered, which would not otherwiſe have been difficult. For ſhe not only baniſh'd all Company for the Love of him, but denyed her ſelf to play, tho' it was her ſecond inclination. She fear'd leſt that affording a general liberty of coming to all who pleas'd, might occaſion his jealouſie. Their next interview was at the *Hotel de la Ferté*, where the Duke giving her demonſtration of a perfect health, he became ſo dear to her, that ſhe could have no quiet till they had paſs'd a whole night together; to oblige him to it, ſhe told him that her Husband being ill of the Gout, it was the ſame thing as if he was abroad, ſince he was incapable to ſtir, and the ſecurity being without ſuſpicion, he incurr'd no danger in it. The Duke of *Longueville*'s violent Flames, being a little appeas'd by enjoyment, he told her ſhe was in the right, but it was not reaſonable to run ſo great a riſque, when neceſſity did not compel it; that he agree'd with her, the Mareſchal could not ſtir out from his Bed, but yet ſeeing him come into the Houſe, it would be eaſie to obſerve he went not out again, which would

would ruin all their Affairs; that it was much better to meet abroad, and turn day into Night, where there would be no fears to interrupt their Joys, which seem'd to be what she desir'd. They were too well acquainted to continue reserv'd, 'twas an Enjoyment as free as Nature she desired, and Caress'd him till he agreed to yield her that contentment. He promis'd it should speedily be, and to keep his word, he desired *Fiesque* to hire a House in his name. He took one near St. *Anthony*'s Gate, where the Mareschalless, pretending to go walk, sometimes to the *Arsenal*, sometimes to *Vincenne*, often came through a back Gate. The Petticoats began to rise with these Interviews, and finding her self with Child, she was in some concern. Yet seeming to be careless of the resentment of her Husband, to shew the greater violence of Passion for her Gallant, she contriv'd ways to hide her great Belly, and was brought to Bed in her own Appartment.

The Duke of *Longueville* would not be there, but sent *de Fiesque* in his place, who brought the Child away under a great Cloak. Whilst he was

croſſing a Court to come to his Coach, the Boy cry'd, and fearing to be diſcover'd, he clapt his hand upon its mouth, and had like to have kiiled it. He carry'd it to the Duke, who was expecting of it at a Houſe in the Suburbs St. *Germain*, where a Nurſe was provided. The delivery being happily over, ſhe wanted not an excuſe to keep her Bed, which made no body ſuſpect the Affair, not even the Mareſchal, who was ſwearing in another Bed at every one that came near him, for he vented the vexation he had at his indiſpoſition, upon thoſe who had any buſineſs with him, tho' they were more deſerving than himſelf; for he had committed a thouſand Cruelties, and Exactions, not to reckon the Eſtates of others that he had gain'd half by force, and half by addreſs.

It is not without reaſon that I ſay this, ſince it tends more to my Subject, than you may imagine, as you may judge by what follows. His Wife had ſome Lands near *Orleans*, and he, being deſirous to build, and to enlarge it, he bought a great deal of the Lands adjoyning, not valuing at what rate, ſince he did not deſign to

pay.

pay. One Gentleman amongſt the reſt, knowing how dangerous it is to have to do with a greater perſon than ones ſelf, had forbore as long as he could to part with ſome of his Lands, but being overpowered by force, he had parted with 'em twenty years without receiving one penny for principal or intereſt; at laſt by this means reduc'd to great Wants, he threw himſelf at the Kings feet, who ſtopt, and demanding of him the reaſon, he preſented him a Petition, where his Caſe was ſtated in a few words. The King, who lov'd juſtice, ſent immediately to command the Mareſchal to give the Gentleman ſatisfaction, within eight days at fartheſt.

This Command was ſent him during the lying in before mention'd, and you may imagine if his ill humour afforded much quiet to thoſe about him. In fine, it happen'd that a Gentleman whom he had us'd ill, being an intimate Friend to the Count *de Fieſque*, was the next day after this Adventure, complaining of his treatment to him, and the Count anſwered him, that he was an old Cuckold, and he had no reaſon to think it ſtrange, ſince ſuch

was his uſage to all the World, but his Wife was ſufficiently reveng'd of him, for not only her own but their quarrels to him. Whether we are delighted to hear ill of thoſe that have done us injuries, or whether out of a natural inclination to miſchief, he was ſo pleas'd at theſe words, that he deſir'd the Count, whom he found fully inſtructed, to tell him ſome particularities; and he being ſo imprudent to content him, and at the ſame time to tell him that the Mareſchalleſs was now lying in, he departed very well ſatisfied. His deſign was not to let this ſtory be forget, ſo he call'd for Pen and Ink, and his hand being not known to the Mareſchal, he communicated this advice to him, which he thought would not be very agreeably receiv'd.

This Letter came to the Mareſchal by the Poſt, for the Gentleman for that end had carry'd it himſelf to *Eſtampes*. The Mareſchal when he open'd it, was very much ſurpris'd at the News, which he thought ſeem'd very probable, his Wife having for ſome time, pretended to be ſick, and the diſtemper neither increas'd nor

dimi-

diminish'd, and he was inform'd in Case he should be incredulous, he might still have an opportunity to clear his doubts. It is not easie to imagin what effect such advice should produce in so violent a Man; had the Mareschalless been in a condition to rise, she might easily have carried it off, but her good Fortune was, that his Gout confin'd him to his Bed, and he was incapable of any thing but making Reflections: So that, besides the opinion that he was of, that the least noise would be best for his Reputation, he could not tell but he might be engaged for her upon the Gentleman's account, above mentioned, since it is not the custom at *Paris* to lend Money to Ladies without something under their hands, which would fall upon him.

These two Circumstances having not appeas'd his resentment, but obstructed those several Consequences he was meditating upon, he demanded not to be satisfied as he was counsel'd, knowing that after it he was oblig'd to keep no measures. Nevertheless he thought not the less, for the time of lying in being pass'd, the Lady's distemper

ſtemper vaniſh'd, and ſhe came into his Chamber in as good health as if ſhe had ailed nothing. As ſoon as he ſaw her, he began to cry out as if he had a fit of his Pain, and the Mareſchalleſs demanding the reaſon. Ah Madam, *ſaid he*, when you cry'd out louder than I do, not long ago, I did not ask you what was the matter, and therefore pray let me alone. Theſe words, which expreſs'd much without any poſitive meaning, gave the Lady occaſion to think; and that ſhe might not make any diſcoveries in her Countenance, ſhe immediately retir'd; and the Duke of *Longueville* making her a viſit, ſhe told him what had happen'd to her, which did not at all hinder their accuſtom'd Entertainments. The Child's name was incerted in the Letter which the Mareſchal receiv'd, ſo that he ſuſpected the Duke's Viſit, and after it he conſtantly, when a Coach came, enquir'd whoſe it was. He found every day the Duke was of the throng that viſited his Wife, and this aſſiduouſneſs confirm'd him in the truth of what he was inform'd of.

The

The King at this time having War with *Holland*, every body of Quality accompany'd him, and the Duke of *Longueville* amongſt the reſt, then a Collonel of Horſe. The Mareſchalleſs parted with him leſs concern'd than might eaſily be imagin'd, it being occaſion'd by a little quarrel there happen'd betwixt them, upon the account of the Counteſs of *Nogent* whom he admir'd as ſhe had heard. There was but little likelihood of it; for this Counteſs, who was ſiſter to the Count *de Lauſun*, had neither his ſhape, air, nor Beauty; but it being difficult to cure a mind ſeis'd with Jealouſie, the doubt was ſo imprinted, that it paſs'd with her for a truth; and 'tis true, tho' all of it was not, yet a part of it at leaſt was certain, for undoubtedly this Lady had a violent Paſſion for the young Prince, as ſhe manifeſted upon ſeveral occaſions.

However the King had fix'd the day of his departure, and the Duke took no great care to undeceive the Mareſchalleſs, and he left her without clearing the feuds between 'em; for he began to be jealous of *Bechameil*, one of the dregs of the People, but richer than

then many of higher condition, which was a quality very Charming to her, especially if it was accompanied with liberality: But tho' the Citizen was very passionate, she had made no returns to his Amour, for fear of angring the Duke, who had so declar'd against a sharer, that she durst not shew the Complaisance she had for his Riches.

Having parted after this manner, few Letters pass'd between 'em, which was to *Bechameil's* advantage, for he found the means to make himself agreeable to the Mareschalless, by offering at the same time to her Devotion, both his Purse and his Heart. At first she refus'd both, apprehending lest the Duke of *Longueville* might have left some body at *Paris*, to observe her Conduct; but this Prince having the ill fortune to be kill'd about six weeks after his departure, upon a Pass on the River *Rhine*, she was very sorry she had refus'd a Man that might be of advantage to her more than one way, after the loss she had receiv'd. All who knew this Princess's Intrigue, wonder'd she should receive so indifferently the news of his death, for she was at the *Thuilleries* the next day, as merry as ever. It was not

so

ſo with the Counteſs of *Nogent*, ſhe was ready to dye with Grief; but loſing her Husband on the ſame occaſion, it was a very good Colour for her extraordinary grief, and improv'd her Reputation in the Opinion of the World.

Bechameil being rid of ſo dangerous a Rival, found a greater eaſineſs in his deſigns than he could have hoped for; for the Mareſchalleſs, dreading leſt he ſhould be quite diſcourag'd by her refuſal, writ him a very obliging Letter to this purpoſe.

The Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferté*, to Mr. *Bechameil*, Secretary to the Council.

THE World will have it that I have had a great loſs in the Duke of Longueville, *ſince he lov'd me paſſionately enough to merit a regret; it is a ſtrange thing they will pretend to judge better than my ſelf of what concerns me. It is true, my loſs has been very conſiderable, but they are ignorant of it, and if I may ſpeak freely, I know no other, but that of not having ſeen you for ſome time. I cannot gueſs the reaſon of it, unleſs it proceeds from my not granting all you deſir'd at firſt demand; but is it ſeemly to yield ſo ſoon?*

and

and because I am of the Court, would you have me like those Ladies, who are glad to begin an Intrigue by the conclusion? I am not of that fashion, and tho' you should never like me for it, I cannot repent me for not resembling them.

Bechameil was too understanding to miss of the right interpretation of this Letter, so that arming himself with a Purse charg'd with four hundred Pistols, his time being dear to him, and unwilling to waste it in fruitless words, with this good Succour, he march'd to the *Hotel de la Ferté*; where, To be short Madam, *says he*, I heard that you lost upon honour yesterday four hundred Pistols, and since persons of Quality may sometimes happen to be without ready Money, I have brought you that same to free you from the trouble of procuring it else-where. The Mareschalless understood his meaning but thinking it too low a rate to dispose of her self to a little Citizen. Sir, *says she*, I cannot imagine who could tell you this, but he has only acquainted you with half my misfortune: I was so unlucky truly to lose eight hundred, and if you could lend 'em me, I should take it

it for a very great Obligation. Eight hundred Piſtols, Madam, *reply'd he*, that's a conſiderable Sum in this Age; but no matter, 'tis a Tryal I muſt make for your ſake; take nevertheleſs what I have brought, and I will give you my Note for the reſt, if you will not take my Word.

He ſaid this with ſo good a grace, that ſhe thought fit to truſt him till the next day, and telling him that all was at his Service, he began to return her thanks in kiſſing her hand. She after that offer'd him her face, where he making too long a ſtay, What, Sir, *ſaid ſhe*, dare you do no more till you have paid? let not that hinder you, your word, as I told you before, is ready money to me, and I wiſh withal my heart you were farther indebted to me.

She might ſay this perhaps for fear the man ſhould begin to conſider, and not taking his Merchandiſe, ſhould not think himſelf oblig'd to pay her; for ſhe could not be ſo covetous of his perſon, as out of deſire to enjoy it, thus to haſten the Concluſion. *Bechameil*, nevertheleſs, not at all ſurpris'd at the Diſcourſe (which would perhaps have ſtartled

ſtartled any other) Patience, Madam, *crys he*, every thing in due ſeaſon, *Paris* was not built in a day. I am paſt five and fifty, and perſons of my age cannot ride poſt when they pleaſe. Theſe reaſons were too good and ſolid to be denyed, ſo that giving what time he required, he in forms at laſt arriv'd where he deſir'd. The Lady, who would not have him depart diſcontented, told him perſons of his age were to be admir'd, that there was nothing but Brutality in youth, deſiring him to afford her an hour or two of his Company as often as he could. The good man, who lov'd pleaſure when it did not endanger his health, imagining ſhe demanded a meeting for the next day, excus'd himſelf upon ſome buſineſs he had at Council, but ſent her the remaining four hundred Piſtols, and ſhe thought it covenient to return him thanks for 'em in this following Letter.

The Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferté* to *Bechameil.*

ALtho' there is a great deal of pleaſure in ſeeing the Louis d'Ors *you have ſent*

ſent me, yet let your opinion be what it will, they would have been more acceptable to me, had I receiv'd 'em from your own hands; but my greateſt diſſatisfaction is, that I muſt part with 'em, and that it is impoſſible for me to keep 'em, to ſhew you what eſteem I make of any thing that comes from you. The grief of it would kill me, did I not hope I ſhould not always be unhappy, and that you on your part would often renew thoſe demonſtrations of Friendſhip, which will always be very dear to me. You would do me an injury to doubt of it, ſince one of your age muſt needs know how great an eſteem is always plac'd upon that which comes from a perſon belov'd.

What! goodneſs! *cry'd* Bechameil, when he had read the Letter, has ſhe a mind to ruin me? and muſt I pay her ſo plentifully becauſe I am old? This Reflection, join'd with the little preſſing occaſions of his temper, made the buſineſs at Council laſt three days longer than it would have otherwiſe done; but that being expir'd, he reſolv'd to go ſee if the money he had parted with, would be worth to him at leaſt another Viſit. The firſt word the Mareſchalleſs ſpoke to him, was, Ah Sir, I think I

was

was born to be ever unfortunate, I loſt again yeſterday five hundred Piſtols. To her good fortune ſhe was ſo handſom that day, that tho' the Compliment did not pleaſe him, he return'd her this anſwer, Well, Madam, ſince it is ſo, don't deſpair, for you have ſome Friends left ſtill, who will not forſake you for ſo ſmall a matter. The Mareſchalleſs not at all doubting but his meaning was either to give 'em her down, or ſend 'em within an hour, gave him all the ſigns of acknowledgment ſhe could think of; but Company coming in, the meaſures of aſſuring the payment were broke, ſo that going before the others about ſome buſineſs, or rather with premeditated deſign, he forgot his promiſe. There was a little malice in what he did, and he began to be weary of buying her good favour at ſo dear a rate; but that not anſwering her purpoſe, ſhe writ him a new Billet to remind him of his Promiſe. He ſent her the Money accompanied with this anſwer.

Bechameil

Bechameil to the Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferté.*

THE Leaſes of Farms are commonly made from nine years to nine years, and the Rent quarterly advanc'd. I ſpeak to you, as a Man of knowledge, ſince I am concern'd in 'em, and do not repent of it, becauſe it has taught me how to live. As I am then a man of Order, I muſt tell you it is impoſſible to continue a Commerce with you, when I know not how we are to agree. I will take a Leaſe of your Farm when you pleaſe, the rate and time of payment ſhall be ſetled, but after that require no more of me; without this there will be no probability of ſubſiſting, and you will ſoon ſend me to the Goal.

This Letter did not at all pleaſe the Mareſchalleſs, who expected the benefit of his Purſe as often as ſhe deſir'd; and as if the Merchandiſe had been worth his money, ſhe could hardly forbear returning him reproaches; yet ſhe ſtay'd ſome days to ſee if he would mollifie of himſelf, when fearing to loſe him, ſhe writ him theſe words.

The

The Mareſchalleſs to *Bechameil.*

I Am extreamly ſurpris'd at your Complaints, ſince I have never ſaid or done any thing to diſoblige you. If we have affairs with one another, there muſt be a meeting to regulate 'em, and you ſhall never find me againſt any thing that is reaſonable. But it is whole years ſince I have ſeen you, and this is the uſage is given from thoſe who pretend an occaſion to quarrel.

Pretend an occaſion, crys *Bechameil*, when he had red the Letter, and is fourteen thouſand three hundred Livres in eight days time nothing, according to her reckoning; if this ſhould laſt, I muſt of neceſſity break, and it would be to little purpoſe to oppreſs the People, the Recompence would be but little, after ſo great a loſs. When he had ſaid a great many things to the ſame tune, he took his Cloak and Gloves, and went to her in great anger. The time that was requir'd to get thither had a little appeas'd him, ſo that when he arriv'd, Madam, ſays he, I come to ſee if we can agree about the price, I will tell you in a word the moſt I will give, if ten

thouſand

thouſand Crowns a year will do, 'tis at your ſervice, and pray let me know if you are contented. That's but a little for me, *anſwered the* Mareſchalleſs, I often play off as much in a day, and what muſt I do the reſt of the time? What, Madam, *replyed Bechameil*, cannot you live without Play? No, Sir, *anſwered ſhe*, 'tis impoſſible. She might have alſo added, any more than without Love, but ſhe judg'd it properer to let him imagine it, than to mention it her ſelf.

Bechameil, as much in Love as he was, had more concern for his Intereſt, ſo that being not pleas'd at the Anſwer, he threw up his head, which the Mareſchalleſs perceiving, endeavour'd with all her Art to ſooth him. She ſaid then, that every body might live, he ſhould make it twenty thouſand Crowns; but he ſtorm'd at the propoſition, and ſwore he would not go one farthing beyond the ten thouſand he had offer'd, and waited only for her reſolution. The Mareſchalleſs finding him ſo obſtinate, was oblig'd to be contented; yet ſhe would have a Bottle of Wine, becauſe, as ſhe ſaid, no bargains of conſequence were ever made without it. *Bechameil* had nothing to ſay againſt it, and the Bargain being

being concluded, he was oblig'd to pay her twelve thousand five hundred Livres the next day. For she would have a quarter before hand. Since he had acknowledg'd it in his Letter to be the Custom in those Cases. It was hard for him to part with the Sum intire, having not long before paid two such considerable ones; but considering she could not after that demand any thing of him for three Months, he overcame his inclinations, which was not the least sign he could give her of his Affections.

For these three Sums he enjoy'd the body of the Lady, for her heart was then in the possession of the Count *de Tallard*, tho' he kept it not long, his talent being rather to please the Men than the Women. I cannot say who took his place, for she had treated so many as if she had lov'd 'em, that I might very well be mistaken, should I pretend to say who was her favourite.

The old Mareschal still kept his Bed with the Gout. He thank'd Heaven for ridding him of the Duke of *Longueville*, hoping according to the Italian Proverb, that says, *The Beast being dead, the Venom dyes*, the world would forget what was pass'd; and one would have thought that he

he had forgot it himself, for when she came into his Chamber, he call'd her nothing but my Love and my Heart, which were not the words he us'd to give her before. But to afford him a new mortification, it was told him, that the Duke of *Longueville* had left a Bastard, which the King intended to legitimate, he durst not ask who was the Mother of it, but the Messenger of this news sav'd him that Trouble, or rather threw him into a greater, by acquainting him that the Mother was conceal'd, and it might for that reason very probably be some marryed Woman.

The Mareschalless, coming into his Chamber some time after, he no longer continu'd his sweet words, but entertain'd her with Curses, the common Ornament of his Discourse. To be even with him, she left him alone with his dogged humour, and went to comfort her self with *Bechameil* who brought her a quarter of her pension. 'Tis strange this man who was as proud as commonly those are who come from nothing, should suffer her to play a thousand tricks before his face; but the pleasure to hear it said, that he had the wife of a Mareschal of *France* to his Mistress, made him

paſs over many things; and beſides ſhe had taken care to perſwade him that tho' there might be ſome appearances to the contrary, ſhe was nevertheleſs reſerv'd to him alone. But tho' he has often rely'd upon theſe excuſes, when he perceiv'd ſhe parted with what he gave her, to make her ſelf valu'd by others, it ſo incenſed him, that he writ her this Letter.

Bechameil to the Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferté.*

I Break off the agreement I made with you, ſince you have fail'd to perform the conditions. You had oblig'd your ſelf to give the poſſeſſion of your heart to me alone, and now you would force me to partake it with an infinite number of others you rendez-vous with every day. So that not being ſeis'd of the whole I am contented to part with what I had to the advantage of whom you pleaſe, or, to ſpeak properer, to the firſt Comer; in doing whereof, I ſhall for the future employ my ten thouſand Crowns in Manuring a ground which ſhall be till'd by me alone.

The Lady was much troubled at this Letter, ſo conſiderable a Sum was of uſe to her, beſides the other preſents ſhe often

often wheedled from him. And truly she had reason to be concern'd at it, for her husbands affairs went at this time so ill, that he who was once esteem'd the richest man in *Paris*, subsisted wholly now upon the favour of the Court. For this reason she did what she could to recall him, but whether he knew there was no relying upon her word, which promis'd a better Conduct for the future, or whether he began to be tir'd with her, he would never hear any thing of it.

There being now not any of her acquaintance Cully enough to furnish for this Equipage, she was oblig'd to retrench her Expences, which was not a little trouble to her heart. Her Husband dying not long after, it grew worse, and the Pensions ceasing, she was reduc'd to a lower state. To better her Fortune, she then resolv'd not to play her self, since she had not wherewithal, but to afford an opportunity of playing at Lansquenet at her House, that the advantage would accrue to her by it, might in a little measure comfort her for the extraordinary losses had happen'd to her in so short a time. Every one being welcome for their Money, the sharpers came thither, as well as people of Con-

dition, and one of the greateſt Note amongſt 'em, call'd *du Pré*, having inſinuated to her, that there were ſome ways to recompence her ill fortune in the World. Play was no ſecurer there than amongſt the other Cutthroat Houſes in *Paris*. This being diſcover'd by thoſe who were not of *duPre*'s profeſſion, the Company leſſen'd, and the advantage by conſequence ceaſed, ſo that to make amends, ſhe drew a number of choice Women to her Houſe, in hopes that the report of their Beauty and Wit would invite the young people thither, and ſuch a meeting was eſtabliſh'd where all ſorts of tricks were practis'd to afford her a ſubſiſtence. Her chief deſigns were aim'd againſt the ſtrangers of quality, who having not yet heard of it, thought themſelves extreamly happy, to come and be ruin'd by her. One of her greateſt Confidents among the Ladies, was the Marchioneſs *de Royan*, and 'tis not to be imagin'd what they paſs'd upon every body. At laſt a *Suiz* Officer having loſt very much, and making ſome obſervations, made a a great noiſe of it as he had occaſion; but having to do with people of Quality, and being adviſ'd by his Friends to take heed of the *Baſtille*,

Baſtille, if he ſhould continue theſe ſtories, he took another courſe, and having printed papers which adviſ'd all ſtrangers that came to town to take heed of that Houſe, he fix'd it on all the gates of *Paris*.

That the Marchioneſs *de Royan* may be known to thoſe who have not had the happineſs to be acquainted with her, ſhe was the daughter of the late Duke of *Noirmoutier*, who having ſpent his Eſtate, left his Family in a condition to be pitied. This Lady then having no fortune to marry her, was forc'd to go into a Nunnery, very much againſt her inclinations, when the Count *d'Olonne*, who was of the ſame Family, fell in Love with her. He had for ſome time endeavour'd to make himſelf be belov'd by her, but being not agreeable enough to ſucceed in it, to make her the more compaſſionate towards him, he thought of propoſing her a marriage with the Chevalier *de Royan* his own Brother. There was nothing in nature more horrible than this Chevalier, both for his Perſon and Senſe: For tho' he was neither crook'd nor maim'd, he had rather the air of a Cow than a Man, and was ſo plung'd in all ſorts of debauchery, that

no people of Reputation would be seen in his Company. But how disagreeable soever he might be, a Convent was yet more, in the opinion of this Lady, for she not only resolv'd to marry him, but also to pay her acknowledgments for it to the Count *d'Olonne*; 'twas by this means the Count arriv'd at his desires, but before he would sign some Writings whereby he setled his Estate upon his Brother in favour of this marriage, he would have her by all means grant him what she had promis'd him, which she faithfully perform'd like a Woman of Honour.

Thus it was, that the Count *d'Olonne* fearing there should be no Cuckolds in the Family, took himself care of that Subject. In the mean time this Lady being so well set out in the Paths of Vertue, grew perfecter every day in all its methods, so that for Play and Gallantry she was a second to none, altho' she had been educated under the Wing of a Mother, who had taught her other Lessons. The Count *d'Olonne* who had a falling out with his Lady about this marriage, was reconcil'd to her and her Family, and this had occasion'd that particular intimacy between the Marchioness *de*

Royan

Royan and the Mareſchalleſs *de la Ferté*, who could not live without one another. *du Pré*, as I have ſaid before, finding 'em ſo well inclin'd, was their Maſter in teaching them to pack the Cards, and all the other ſlights in which they became very expert, but this Trade being not the beſt in the World, too many driving that ſort of Commerce, and every one growing ſuſpicious, the Mareſchalleſs (no one being now left to forbid her the ſight of her Siſter,) took thoſe Opportunities to rob her of *Ferraques*.

It is impoſſible to mention the Stratagems ſhe us'd for that purpoſe, not out of covetouſneſs of his perſon which was not too engaging, but in hopes of ſharing in his Fortune. For ſhe was vex'd at the very heart, that her Siſter, who was older than her ſelf by ſeveral years, and had not a better Reputation, ſhould have a purſe like his at her command, whilſt ſhe was in want of every thing. He had truly, either out of an exceſs of paſſion or folly, made her ſeveral conſiderable preſents, and amongſt the reſt, a fine Houſe he had in *Coqueron ſtreet*. He was ſcarcely believ'd fool enough for this, tho' it was a general report about *Paris*; but the Counteſs, who was proud of

of the gift, which was nevertheless a sign of the continuation of her ill life, would suffer 'em no longer to doubt of it, wherefore the House being to be let, she caus'd it to be inserted in the Bill, that they were to come to her to agree about the price.

Madam *de Bonelle*, who already lov'd her not much, being acquainted with this, sent to pull down the Bill in the middle of the day, and the Countess commanded another to be put up, and this was all the noise she made at it. She was not so moderate with her Sister, who, as I have already said, would have rob'd her of *Fernaques*, for they scolded so much at each other, that all the truth came out; this was not very commendable in two Women of Quality, and especially between two Sisters. Yet it was not very extraordinary, for the same accident happen'd to two others whom I could name, were it to my subject, however the Mareschalless had it return'd to her, not long after from other hands, and the Duke *de la Ferté* her Son, who was the most debauch'd in the World, was of those who took no great care of her Reputation. They had fal'n out about some

ſome concerns, ſo that he who had not Eſtate enough to furniſh her extravagancies, could not ſuffer her demands of a Dower, and began by asking of her, if ſhe who had ruin'd his Father, had, notwithſtanding that, a deſign to rob him of all? The Mareſchalleſs, not mild enough to bear theſe reproaches, told him that he truly had great reaſon to complain, who was not only deſpis'd by the Court but the Town. This was nothing but the truth, but as all truths are not to be ſpoke; he could not bear it, but reply'd, if there was no reaſon on his ſide, there was yet leſs on hers, who was an old Wh — e, and hereupon he reckon'd up all that had to do with her, and the ſum amounted to threeſcore and twelve; a thing not to be credited, was not *Paris* ſufficiently ſatisfied of the truth of what I ſay.

The Mareſchalleſs bid him not forget his own Wife, who was as much to blame as any body; but the Duke ſtopt her mouth by telling her, he very well knew he was a Cuckold, but that did not hinder his Father from being one beforehand, in marriage, and after his death.

Theſe

These reproaches had so discompos'd the Mareschalless that she began to cry, but she had to deal with so tender hearted a man, that instead of being concern'd, he only laugh'd at her. The Comedy thus finish'd, she made her Complaints to the Count *d'Olonne*, where he often went. You have nothing but what you deserve, *answered the Count*, and when your curiosity has led you from the Scepter to the Spade, how is it possible your affairs should be less publick. Some former resentments had occasion'd this reproach, but when he had pleas'd himself with this, he promis'd her it should not hinder him from correcting her Son; and meeting him about an hour after, he told him he was extreamly to blame in giving his Mother such Language. That one of his years could not be ignorant, that nothing could excuse the respect he ow'd her, and that if he did not believe him drunk when these words happen'd, he could not tell what to say to it. The Duke in all likelihood would be meditating some excuses to colour so great a fault, or being very much asham'd of it, would deny it; but without rising or stirring, it is true,

says

says he, I was drunk, and 'twas very well for her I was so; I should otherwise have told her some other truths, for I have so faithful a list of all her famous Exploits, that I know of so much as the Necklace of Pearl she made the Chevalier *de Lignerac* cheat Mr. *de Dreux* the Counsellor of, there is nothing I am ignorant of. The Count ask'd him if he was not asham'd to talk thus of his Mother, but all the Reprimands were too insignificant to reduce him to reason.

As there were few actions pass'd in the Kingdom unknown to the King, he was soon entertain'd with the diversion of this Comedy, which made him have so ill thoughts of this Family, that he could not forbear discovering 'em. But the Duke *de la Ferté*, who knew his Reputation was already lost with him, concern'd himself for it no more than the Mareschalless, who continu'd this way of living; so that perhaps I may some other time acquaint you of the rest of her life, as well as the Story of Madam *de Lionne*, if they are still so lucky to meet with those who will accept of 'em, and Age as well as Shame does not bring 'em to Conversion.

FINIS.